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WOMEN ON TOP: THE POWER GAMES

RAWHIDE: SIX GIRLS IN LEATHER

LINZI LOST IN WALES

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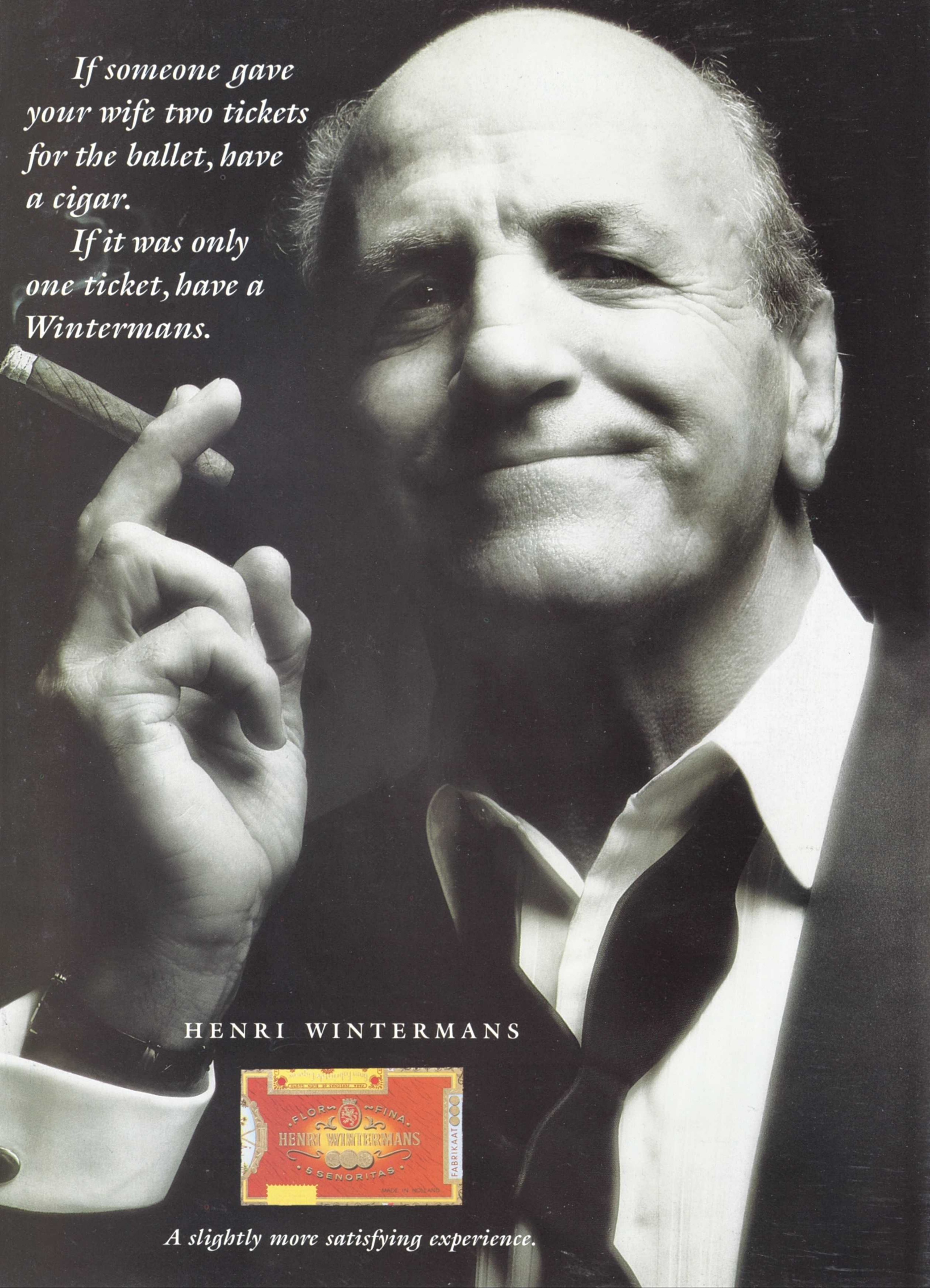
If someone gave your wife two tickets for the ballet, have a cigar.
If it was only one ticket, have a Wintermans.
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FLOR FINA
HENRI WINTERMANS
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MADE IN HOLLAND
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CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 16: Number 7: Price £1.50

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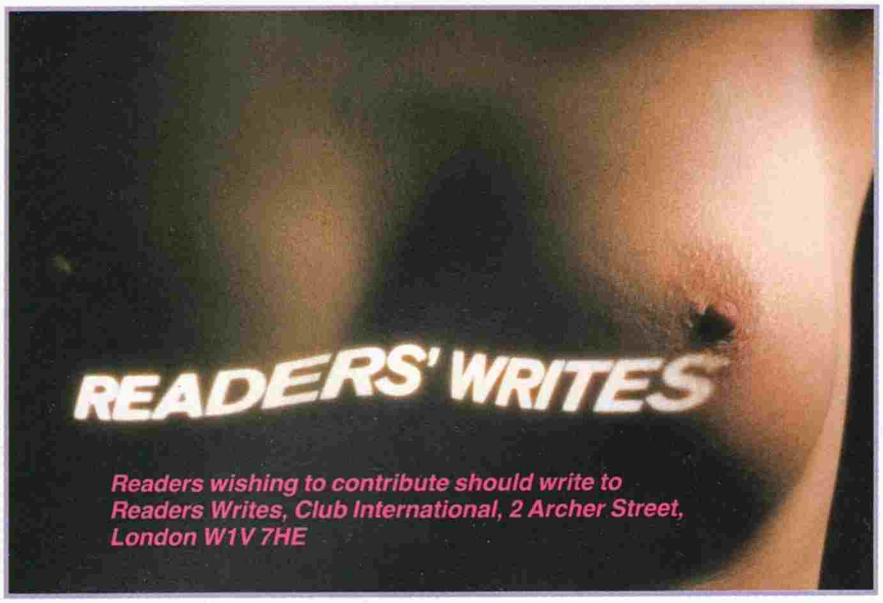


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Tickled Pink

A hint to all Club's lady readers: next time you're with your boyfriend or husband and you're into the realms of heavy foreplay, how about trying this? Pull back your clitoral hood and have your man dip a cotton wool bud in eau de cologne and apply it gently to your little pinkie. It really is an exquisite tingling sensation, and it makes me shudder all over.

Likewise, try a little dab on the tip of his glans. Chances are this'll make him feel so randy, he'll be desperate to screw. And what's wrong with that, ladies, eh?

Arlene, Bournemouth

Rubber Fun

What with all the publicity surrounding this AIDS thing, everyone seems to be talking about condoms these days as if they were a recent invention.

Well, I've been a johnnie fan for years. While I don't *insist* on my men wearing them all the time, I must admit they do turn me on – but only when they're encasing a big, fat cock, let me add! It's the ritual of peeling a rubber over a hard cock which I find particularly exciting, so I always insist on performing this task for my men. I'm aware that some men – mostly those who've never worn them – shy away from condoms, certain they'll take away the urge or lessen the enjoyment. Well, what nonsense! I've had men who *prefer* wearing condoms after they've been screwed by me for the first time.

The act of a girl rolling on a condom over her lover's prick should be regarded as a highly sensual form of foreplay (which it is), and I'm assured that wearing one in no way lessens the thrill of a good fuck.

Another of my favourites is giving blow jobs to a rubber-clad cock. It's a tremendous sensation, tracing the contours of a hard-on with your tongue through the thin rubber, and I always enjoy seeing the little bubble at the end fill with spunk.

I should explain that my interest in condoms stems from my job, which takes me all over the world. Oh, all right, then; I wasn't going to mention the fact, but I'm an air stewardess, and my colleagues and I are, of course, particular that the men we sleep with are "clean".

As for the argument about whether or not girls should carry condoms, I really don't think there *is* an argument. Most of the men I meet when I'm abroad don't carry them as a matter of course. And, as far as I'm concerned, it's definitely a case of no condom, no fuck. My new suspender belt has six little pockets in it to fit condom sachets in, and I try to make sure it's fully loaded at the start of each long-haul trip!

TK, address withheld

Vincent Vibes

It's a shame you don't carry your *Club Biker* feature any more, because I have a bike that would really look the business in your pages. The old saying among British and Harley riders is: "I'd rather eat worms than ride a Honda," and that's a sentiment I'll go along with, for sure.

Bike lovers will appreciate why I'm so proud of my iron. It's a Vincent Black Shadow, British and brilliant, and as rare as rocking-horse shit. When I bought my 1949-vintage Shadow five years ago, it was in fairly good nick. Since then, though, all my spare time has been devoted to restoring this bike to its original showroom condition. I've nearly finished it now (you never *totally* finish projects like this), and it don't half make modern bikes look sick.

My Shadow doesn't see much road these days, but I get my pleasure from it in other ways, apart from the obvious one of just standing back and admiring it. I take my girlfriend out to my heated garage, where she strips off until she's wearing only her biker boots. Then I fire up the huge V-twin and get her to stand astride it. God, it really gets me going to see her whole body shake as the machine throbs – *my* machine throbs at the sight of her juicy thighs quivering and her tits wobbling about like nobody's business.

I even fucked her on the bike once, while the engine was running, but I had to put a stop to that because her cunt juices proved a real bastard to clean off the seat.

Davie, Cambridgeshire

Top Ten Corner

1. Farrah Fawcett (actress)
2. Samantha Fox (model)
3. Suzanne Mizzi (model)
4. Selina Scott (TV presenter)
5. Sarah Greene (same)
6. Debbie Greenwood (same)
7. Heather Locklear (actress)
8. Joanna Lumley (same)
9. Liza Goddard (same)
10. Kim Wilde (singer)

CP, London

Forgotten Pleasure

Looking through *Readers' Writes* of late, it looks like everyone's forgotten life's greatest pleasure – the art of eating pussy. Don't men do it any more? My current boyfriend makes a token effort, but only once in a blue moon – and so half-heartedly, it's not really worthwhile.

I have fond memories of having my fanny probed by a loving tongue, my clit being gently squeezed from its hood and licked till I come. With a hard cock in my mouth at the same time, it's mind-blowing. So my message to you, men, is the same one John Noakes used to give to his dog, Shep . . . Get down!

Helen, Swansea

Sexercises

My wife and I have been married four years. She's 25, I'm 28. We're both fitness fanatics, and we believe sex is an unexplored area in most relationships. We have the wildest sex life imaginable, yet we can achieve this without the need to indulge in sneaky, extra-marital affairs; everything we do to heighten our sexual pleasure is completely upfront, and I'd like to give you a couple of examples of what we're into.

I love to see my wife dress up like a hooker. She has a really great figure, and I like to follow her along the street when she's wearing her short, bum-hugging, black leather skirt, high heels and garish make-up. Of course, she knows I'm following her, and she knows I get my rocks off from watching her give blokes the come-on. A favourite or ours is to go on to the Underground. She sits on the train with her little skirt so high, the guys opposite her can see the red "V" of her pantie-crotch.

Late one night, coming home from a party, my wife really came on strong with this drunk bloke. He sank to his knees in front of her and began to stroke her knees and thighs. My wife looked to me for approval, then opened her legs so this chap could sniff her panties. The sluttish expression on my wife's face gave me a raging hard-on (which she would do something about when we got home). The drunk would have liked to have gone further, but my wife did the old: "Oh, *there* you are!" routine to me, pretending to suddenly spot me catching her up, and he staggered off.

I also like following her into sleazy, run-down pubs. I sit nearby, minding my own business, while strangers come up and try it on with her. I love it (and so does she) when they start talking dirty and making all sorts of rude suggestions to her. Then, when we return home, we'll recall what they said to her while we fuck.

I know this kind of behaviour isn't everybody's cup of tea, but it gives us such a turn-on, we couldn't do without it.

Jerry, London

Table Manners

Last Saturday, the wife and I went to a chic furniture store to look for a new coffee table. I wasn't looking forward to it, because we can rarely agree when it comes to buying items of furniture. However, there was no long,

continued on page 6

SU

She'll do just about anything t
please, will this kooky new impo
from the Orient, anything at all
and if that includes setting fire t
her stocking-tops to whet th
appetite of her many admiring
awe-struck boyfriends . . . that'
cool! Twenty-year-old Su finds th
London modelling scene a mit
gentler and easier-going than bac
home. With their insatiable pen
chant for black leather and bizarr
sexual proclivities, there's no
much room for a boring old classi
cal beauty in the homeland thes
days (unless she's prepared to "d
the business", as we Soho types s
vulgarly put it), so Japan's loss i
very much Club's gain. In Su'
words: "It's so much nicer, un
dressing for a British man. H
appreciates you for what you are
not for what kinky things you'r
wearing." In fact, Su's graduate
to the Academy of British Life
style with commendable alacrity
adapting to the demands of Lon
don life more readily than man
of her British glamour girl col
leagues. A flat overlooking th
Natural History Museum in Ken
sington, a "characterful" 196
VW Karmann Ghia convertible
and a portfolio fuller than Coven
Garden piazza on a Sunday after
noon . . . and Su's UK exile i
fast acquiring a look of perma
nency. And she's permanently pre
served for your pleasure on pag
57.

irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

FRED

Fred? Real-name-Federica says it's all down to her taste for Marks & Spencer's men's shirts and bow ties. "'Fred' was my agent's creation," she claims. "'As you insist on wearing male clothing', he said, 'I'll give you a male name'." And that, dear readers, is where any semblance of masculinity ends, because 20-year-old Federica is blessed with a fabulous figure, full and outrageously curvaceous, with not the slightest hint of fat – a living reminder of 50s Hollywood-style glam. Add to this her beguiling looks and her advanced acting capabilities, and this could be a lady heading for, dare one say, greater things? But when you're fresh out of your teens and you still prefer weekends with your parents in the rural calm of Essex to the mad, materialistic mayhem of the Metropolis, it's perhaps hard to see yourself as a potentially world-beating talent. Maybe, like a good claret, Fred needs time to mature. Of that, her admirers are in full agreement, i.e. she needs laying down! **Are you one of Fred's admirers? Find out by going to page 18.**

BLONDI

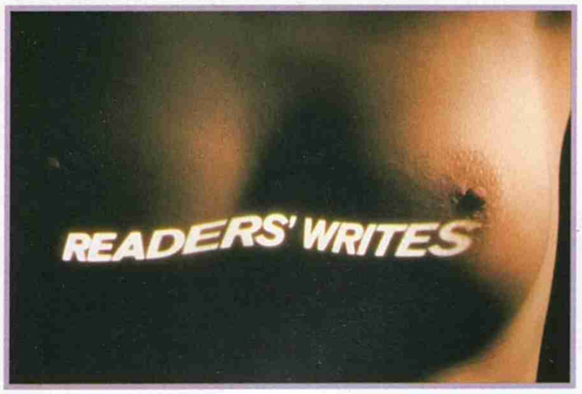
She's part of that growing cult of American Porno Chic, a wheel set in motion by Linda "against-my will" Lovelace in the early 70s. Yes, "A'murka" has all-of-a-sudden decided it wants its stars of suck-and-fuck to have personalities, a sense of "humor", and if not actually going as far as hosting chat shows, to at least show they *have minds*. Now, Blondi's a very pretty, very desirable young lady, and I'm quite sure she's a drool of a dream on the jolly old dodgy videos circuit. But are we seriously interested in her as a human being? This star of funny-titled movies (*Sheets Of San Francisco*, anyone? *Miami Spice*, vicar?) is represented by a typically aggressive West Coast agent, who, along with the pics, enclosed a most edifying interview with Blondi for our perusal. In it, his protégé describes, among other things, her stance on safe sex: "One night, I got this huge rubber cock and I started shoving it up me in every position imaginable." And her latent exhibitionism: "Oh yes! I get really turned-on knowing somebody is watching me screwing." We await Blondi's first book with considerable interest. In the meantime, let's all have a good old-fashioned sexist gloat over her pussy shots! **Which are only as far away as page 8.**

KAREN

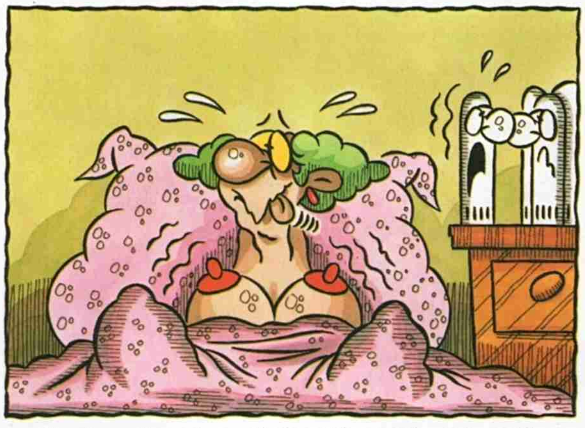
I mean, do you wonder we sacked the freelancer who used to compile *Girl Talk?* We'll overlook the fact he persistently harassed his interviewees and missed his copy dates by a mile: that's known in the trade as "professionalism". He finally cooked his goose back in issue 15/11 (in which Karen last appeared), when, commencing his potted biography: "A nice girl, Karen", he started eulogising just nine lines later over her role in a film entitled *Convent Slut*. The breach of professional etiquette our would-be Frank Harris had committed was to overlook Rule 113/7 (c), viz: "Nice girls don't participate in films called *Convent Slut*." And as for suggesting that Karen appeared on films with titles like *Swedish Air Hostess* and *Jello Dungeon*, well, the poor fellow must have been on drugs, even to have considered the possibility of such a "nice" girl having any truck with the Scandinavian tourist industry or Frank Cooper's Strawberry Preserve. So can we please put the record straight? Karen is anything *but* a nice girl. In fact she is quite *extraordinarily* rude. Our readers would be even more horrified were they to discover that she has appeared in possibly *hundreds* of tacky movies, with chaps, what's more! And *foreign* chaps, at that! Furthermore, not even content with this morally reprehensible scorecard, she's now seen fit to take her panties off and re-expose her private parts to Club International readers. And to think Club used to be such a nice magazine . . . **Go to page 68 to see how "rude" Karen really is.**

SUZETTE

The multilingual marvel from Maître France strikes again! And looking more chic in gold, white lace and immaculate razor-cut bob than ever before – hence the unanimous verdict to give her this month's centrefold slot. For a girl not far into her 20s, Suzette has acquired a sophisticated palette. She knows what she wants in life, and if her phenomenal work-rate is any kind of yardstick, she knows how to get it. In fact, you could call her ruthless. In fact, we *will* call her ruthless! We refer specifically to one white-on-white 1986 Toyota MR2. For, far from "buying" it, as she falsely claimed the last time she featured in Club, it transpires the nippy Nip sportster was acquired by way of a "repo job". Suzette takes up the story: "It was my ex-boyfriend's second car," she says, with preposterous emphasis on the "ex". "I arrived home unexpectedly early from a studio shoot, and there on the bed was darling Nicholas, 'entertaining' another lady. We'd been together two years. The flat was in his name, the MR2 logbook was on the hall table. Need I say more?" A £9000 motor after a two-year relationship? That's a fair mark-up . . . or should we say stripe-up? Club's consensus: Suzette's definitely a lady who won't take no crèpe from anyone! **Sophisticated Suzette's set's on page 44!**



VIBES by Tony Neat



She doesn't need us – she's getting a grip on herself!

continued from page 4

agonizing debate this time. Both of us decided straight away to buy a black steel Italian job, with a really thick, heavy glass top. When we got it home, we were both really pleased with the way it complemented our black leather furniture. Just as well, considering what it cost.

A couple of nights later, Joanne and I were fooling around on the sofa. She was badly in need of a hard fucking, and the sight of her wiggling around the living room in just her silk stockings and high heels was enough to give me a really rampant hard-on.

"I want to do something new tonight," she kept on saying, "something really sleazy, Can you think of anything?" Well, I'm surprised it took me so long, but eventually I hit on just the thing – the new coffee table. I thought how superbly erotic it might be if I were to wriggle underneath it and peer up through the glass top as my wife lowered her arse on to it.

Luckily, Joanne thought it was a good idea, too. As I lay staring up from under the table, she not only sat on it, but spread her sex with her fingers. The view was simply amazing, and I couldn't stop myself from licking the underneath of the glass like some demented voyeur. Leaning forward, Joanne smeared a fistful of Vaseline over my throbbing, hard cock and wanked me off while I carried on staring at her cunt through the glass. And I kept on staring at it as I spunked all over the back of her hand.

Next time, it's *my* turn to sit on the table.

Norman, E Sussex

Best of the bunch

Being something of a connoisseur when it comes to identifying decent men's magazines, I consider Club to be Numero Uno on my list. I have been a regular reader of this most excellent magazine for two years now, and its only fault is that it's published only once every month.

Volume 16 No 4 was a typical example of Club. Linzi, whom I love, was lounging around in some very sexy black lingerie, looking as horny as ever. The five other models, two blondes and three brunettes, were all very nice. They were photographed in a variety of settings and clothing to cater for everyone's preferences – from sexy leather gear to the more humble (but no less desirable, if worn in the right way!) T-shirt. But the most exotic and erotic outfit in this issue has to be that featured in *Catwalk*, modelled brilliantly by the sexy Christine.

To cap it all, though, we had Belinda on *Club Chance*, a shapely blonde dressed in white – but looking anything except innocent! In my view, she was the highlight of this issue; her tits are certainly the juiciest I've seen in a long time.

You're doing a great job, but how about publishing once a fortnight? *LC, Devon*
Your kind comments are most welcome, sir; but as for publishing every fortnight – well, just how many hours in the day do you think there are?! – Ed.

Golden Oldies

Ever since I was in my late teens, I've always dated older men. My girlfriends accuse me of having a king-size father complex, but this can't be true, because my father and I have never been really close.

I'm now 26 years old, and the oldest guy I went with (he was 58) was also by far the best lover. He'd never let me roll over and go to sleep until he was quite sure I'd been fucked long and hard enough. Even when he came home dog-tired from work, he'd make the effort to wriggle between my thighs under the sheets and lap my clit until I came. I think he was frightened of my regarding him as an old man – so much so, he'd bend over backwards to prove himself sexually adept. I have fond memories of the time he even fell asleep in the middle of licking my cunt. I reached down, ran my fingers through his hair, and gently rubbed myself off against his dormant features, thrilling to the sensation of his bristly chin against my tender clit.

On one occasion, he was away on business for about a month. Of course, I missed his attentions while he was away, and I was really hot for him on the night of his return. The first thing he did was to give me a present. When I opened it, I was astonished to see it was a black PVC catsuit – the sort of thing I'd only ever seen in kinky films of magazines. Running my hands across it, I was amazed at how supple, smooth and sexy it felt – and I could well imagine how erotic it might look, stretched tight and shiny across my wiggly bum.

We hit a snag when it came to putting the thing on, though. I managed to ease it past my thighs without any problems, but when it came to fastening the zip which ran from the crotch, down between my legs and up at the back (parallel with my bum crack) – no go!

Whether the suit was too tight or my backside was just too big, I don't really know. But, try as he did, John just couldn't shoehorn me into the tight confines of the PVC. But then we hit on the bright idea of smearing my bum cheeks with Vaseline, which did the trick: pretty soon I was tottering around the bedroom in my high heels and catsuit, looking for all the world like some kinky queen bee.

It probably won't come as any surprise to know that the PVC outfit provided many sensual evenings at home with John. Unfortunately, though – like so many of my

Best of the bunch: *And Linzi certainly knows how to work her black magic on her legions of drooling fans* middle-aged boyfriends – he eventually left me to return to his wife. As far as I'm concerned, though, variety really *is* the spice of life, and right now I'm going out with a handsome, silver-haired 55-year-old. This one isn't married, either (and he digs the PVC catsuit).

Kathy, Bedford

Fashion Frolics

I earn my living in the fashion business – and before you say anything, I'm one of the small minority of *straight* dress designers. I make a fairly good living from the business, and the fact I'm single, fairly good-looking (I suppose) and only 32, means I can just about take my pick of fashion models.

And make no mistake – fashion models are probably the loosest group of women you could hope to meet – they're just incredibly easy. They're also – for the most part – vain, stupid and stunning to look at; a pretty bizarre combination, I admit.

Fashion models, you see, are generally bored shitless – and, in my experience, a bored woman seldom says no to a hard cock. In this line of business, nearly every good-looking guy is a closet queen, so the girls become frustrated and start to bitch and argue among themselves. So when an attractive Mr Straight comes along, they flirt outrageously and will pull any bloody stroke they can to get on the receiving end of your cock.

They say a dumb girl makes for a poor fuck, but not in my book. Fashion models might be thick, but they certainly know what they like. After the shows in New York earlier this year, I took a couple of catwalk artists back to my hotel suite. A bottle or two of champagne later, the taller of the two – a six-foot blonde with a really sensational figure – lifted her skirt and sat on my face. The other, a young French model on loan from a Paris couturier, stepped out of her panties and squatted on my cock.

It was like they were trying to sexually upstage each other. I wriggled out from under the blonde's perfumed arse and sat in an armchair. The girls kneeled in front of me, showering my cock with kisses and taking it in turns to suck it.

It seemed as though both of them were desperate to have the "honour" of being the one to make me spunk, because every time my muscles tightened when I felt my surge coming, the watching girl would move in and take over from the one who was on the job. I had no complaints, because all the false alarms meant each surge felt more powerful than the last.

continued on page 93

COME AGAIN

Even we cold-hearted, hard-headed hacks in the office know a good thing when we see it – and when we saw Carmen in Vol 16 No 5, we knew that here was a good thing. And it really does give us pleasure to succumb to demand and give you another look at this edible 19-year-old.

Many soldiers took the trouble to write to us on the subject of Carmen, including Jimmy, who wrote from his bunk in The Falklands: "Thanks very much. Here I am, 12,000 miles from civilization, another three months to go, totally sex-starved, a bulging ball sac – and you go and print pictures of Carmen, the most fuckable woman I've ever seen."

Thankfully, Bobby's a bit happier, and he says some nice things about us, too. So, great believers in blowing our own trumpet that we are, here's his letter in its entirety:

I know cynics will probably be inclined to think you made this letter up yourselves, but you really deserve the most fulsome praise for including the set of Carmen in Vol 16 No 5. As a merchant seaman, good centrefolds to hang up on my locker are desirable property – and the pull-out picture of Carmen is the most desirable I've come across in my life.

Congratulations are due, too, to your layout artist, who treated us to four two-page spreads with only one tasteful inset.

But, of course, most of the praise should be reserved for Carmen herself for being so downright smoulderingly sexy. You look at girls like this, and you can appreciate why some people regard women as being the most beautiful things on Earth, living or otherwise. Well, with people like Mary Whitehouse around, that'll never be the case, but I'm glad your magazine is around to show us everything that's *good* about the female body.

Please pass on my cock-felt congratulations to everyone involved in bringing the Carmen pictures to us. In fact, why not go all the way down the line and thank her parents for bringing her into the world? And don't forget to thank Nikon or whoever it was for making the camera which enabled Ian Potter to take such ace pics. I'd personally like to thank whoever it was who taught me to wank all those years ago, because it's a skill that's been coming in very handy recently.

Bobby, Ipswich

Blondi

Photographs by Aja

POWER GAMES

You may have heard a rumour to the effect that sex isn't simply a matter of men and women taking off their clothes and jumping into bed with one another. Too right it's not. There's the question of power to resolve. Who goes on top, and who stays beneath? For every dominant position, there has to be a submissive one; predators and victims. BECCI THOMAS investigates the notion of power and the part it plays in our relationships . . .

Have you talked about your conquests lately? Are you proud of how many lovers you've had or the way your permanent partner responds to you? Be you man or woman, are you on a power trip? Power is often equated with sex, but what exactly do we mean by this?

Power can be used and *is* used in all kinds of relationships – in families, between friends and lovers, in work situations; but most of the time we are reacting to it or using it without being aware that we are doing so. Who is using you and who are you using?

Do you have a strong power profile? Are you a power-positive person? Are you assertive, aggressive, extrovert? Or are you generally passive, hesitant and introvert? What kind of image is it that you project?

Are you a success with the opposite sex – or do you just imagine you are? Do you want to be, but fail, so turn to substitutes? These are broad definitions: not all extroverts are power-hungry manipulators and not all introverts are passive victims of fate. Constructive aggression can be used in creative ways by the introvert, for instance, and a chummy popularity with men and women may be the only kind of power an extrovert personality wants or needs to enjoy.

Sexuality

Just how do we shape our place in the world and how is it different for males and females? And just how much does our sexuality – that most fundamental and important drive – come into the picture?

Our biological nature tends towards co-operation and altruism. It must, for survival reasons, but where does co-operation end and coercion, the subtle (and not so subtle) use of power begin? You may see power as thrilling or corrupting, but the chances are, be you "victim" or trail-blazer, you are using it in *some* way in your life, whether you admit it or not. How many of us realize that constructive aggression is necessary for the progress of our species? Without it, we'd never find a mate, create, invent, learn new things, explore. The human race would decay and decline.

What kind of image do you project to the world? What signals, conscious and subconscious, are you giving out? The way you are treated by others will largely depend on the way they see and perceive you. If you have a negative self-image, the chances are you aren't coping too well with life, in which case you are likely to be unhappy and depressive. You may have little or no self-confidence and avoid human-to-human contact.

Let us suppose that it's you this represents and you want to change all that? You can put on the trappings of confidence and power – expensive clothes, squared shoulders, diamonds, a new car, a compliant secretary to order about or a mistress to boast about, but unless you manage to really feel that confidence deep inside, then you'll still end up betraying the defeatist image you project.

But don't give up so easily! These above-listed status symbols may begin to make you feel different inside – they may just begin to alter the bad self-image frozen in your subconscious mind. One tip for the confidence-seeker is to get fit! Physical fitness sharpens the mind and literally has a chemical effect on the body which helps to build self-assurance.

The more positive energy you have, the better you'll be treated. Many a girl working in the strip clubs in Soho and walking through the streets late at night has proved that if you don't walk around like a victim, you won't become one. Self-assertive responses are of a protective nature. They send the prowlers thinking twice or running scared.

Disadvantage

But women are generally at a disadvantage in the power stakes. In our society, status is linked to earning power and women have generally been denied the opportunity to earn as much as men. As a result, some women may get ill as a way of getting attention. Or they may become martyrs. Are you a grown-up man with an "unselfish" mother who says "Don't worry about me" but doesn't mean a word of it, because you feel as guilty as hell the moment you don't? How do you respond to those unspoken demands – possibly by not forming a healthy sexual relationship with another woman and therefore becoming a martyr yourself? That way, no one can win.

Secretaries might use such a ploy with their bosses and vice versa. Martyrdom is the use of guilt to keep power firmly in your hands and it is especially potent between the sexes. In all relationships with the opposite sex, there are sexual overtones, whether it be between father and daughter, secretary and boss, friend and friend, and so on.

Women working in a man's world have to learn how to use power

Illustrated by Charles Haydn

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"tools". They have to act assertively, confidently. They have to be able to do the job extra well. They have to appear good and be extra clever in the way they handle other workers. Because it's a fact of life that people see power differently depending on whether it's a man or a woman who is wielding it.

If a man is ruthless in business, he's considered to be tough, strong and mentally alert. If a woman exhibits the same characteristics she's accused of being bitchy, masculine and almost certain to have "slept her way to the top". And to cap it all, other women might see her as a threat. Woe betide the woman who has a love affair with her boss! Once it ends, she'll probably prove to be a severe embarrassment, so consequently she will have to disappear. Conclusion? No lover, no job.

Women are often victims in work situations where men constantly use their power to score sexually. And if the woman refuses to play, she may well land herself in the dole queue again – so either way, she can't win. I knew a girl in her early 20s who was working for law firms – yes, that most stuffy of professions – who constantly had to change her job precisely because of this type of pressure exerted by male colleagues.

The female who sleeps around, of course, loses respect. The male who does the same thing gains it, especially the already-powerful man. Every seduction earns him congratulations and the more glamorous and sophisticated his lady, the greater the acclaim.

Status Symbol

Women start off at a disadvantage because they are often lower in the family hierarchy where even a younger brother may dominate. The result is that a female may grow up to fear power and never explore her true potential. Or she may wind up as some powerful man's toy – a mistress, *his* status symbol – and to keep his power over her, he'll feed her with the traditional rewards for such submissive behaviour, namely expensive presents, money, or the promise of love or special favour.

On a more basic level, there is the case of the cleaning lady, an object of scandal in her village, who left her family and her part-time lover for another man who had come into a good deal of money. She was looking for the status which he offered. Her relatively poor and powerless husband, distressed at the new turn of events, offered to "buy her out" of the new relationship and pay to keep her with her part-time lover who was practically a neighbour. She seemed quite happy to become "male property" in exchange for financial security. In other words, she opted for the man with the most money.

But as the new – and newly-wealthy – lover was a man prone to boasting about his sexual exploits in the local, it remains to be seen just how strong a relationship was eventually formed.

The aggressive male can copulate with a female first and foremost to boost his masculine ego. He is then making a conquest, which is very different from making love. Boasting about this conquest gives him a further boost. This is what Desmond Morris – author of the famous animal-man behaviour book, *The Naked Ape*, calls "status sex". The "female victim" of this kind of sex, he says: "Can be sure of what kind of sex she's been involved in." But he concedes that status sex probably has its place as an outlet for aggressions which might otherwise be harmful.

The female who sleeps around, of course, loses respect. The male who does the same thing gains it, especially the already-powerful man.

However, the man who can't have a normal sex life and who has to pay for his sex, visiting call-girls and prostitutes for instance, is emotionally damaged. The act of paying is an act of domination and this corresponding need to subordinate the paid, debased female is an emotional sickness.

On the other hand, a married man who becomes impotent may just be using his disability as a power trip. By denying his partner sexually, he is telling her she isn't exciting, which is the ultimate put-down. This isn't true in all cases of this distressing condition, but it does happen.

Women can also use the same device against men, by an inability to reach orgasm, or by being frigid. The put-down arrives when she tells her man that she didn't have that trouble with other lovers. That's a very efficient way to crush the male ego. He's been doubly humiliated by such a ploy and is likely to shrivel to the core.

Another upsetting male condition is premature ejaculation. Now while this can happen for a variety of reasons – one of them being that the man is very excited! – it can also be used as a power ploy. Imagine this scenario: a man suffering from this complaint has a bossy, demanding, aggressive wife. They've been married a long time but she rules him, just like his dear mother used to do and it's driving him crazy. Finally, the wife demands her "sick" husband submit to a course of treatment. But it turns out that it wasn't his problem at all. Subconsciously, this was the only power he had over his tyrannical wife – to withhold sexual satisfaction from her. So it was she who needed the treatment from a psychoanalyst all along.

Helplessness

Far from being aggressive, some women will use helplessness – and some men, too – to gain power. We all knew how to use it as children, after all, and some people just never grow up. They don't want any real responsibility. They are neurotically protecting themselves and trying to gain attention in the process. They are manipulating the other person by saying, in effect: "You are big and strong and I am small and weak, so you owe me something." But this can all too easily lead to rejection and then the victory is a hollow one, leaving the helpless person irritatingly dissatisfied.

All of these neurotic devices prevent healthy sex lives which can only really blossom to their full extent between mature and equal adults.

We all know that powerful men and women attract others like magnets: movie stars, tycoons and heiresses, for example. If you develop a lifestyle which draws the attention of others to you, you are power-positive and clearly enjoying the power this influence over others gives you. The admiration of others and the way in which they will slavishly follow you is like a drug. But if the drug begins to affect your judgement, then you are in danger of running into trouble. That is the point where power corrupts.

If the outside world then denies you this power, you may turn away from reality and towards fantasy. In a fantasy world, we are still masters of our fate and in this way, we remain superior. This is what has probably happened to a few of these famous, wealthy recluses like Howard Hughes or John Paul Getty.

But the ordinary man who cannot handle sexual relationships in the real world – even though he has the status that money can give – may seek his sexual superiority in substitutes; an obsession with blue movies, for instance. I knew one middle-aged man whose marriage failed miserably (his wife fled to her own bedroom), but who had a facility for making plenty of money on the stock market without moving from his own home. Much of this was spent on status-symbol cars, but the sum total of his sex life was a constant stream of sex videos. He was master of the actors on his TV screen and he'd paid for them.

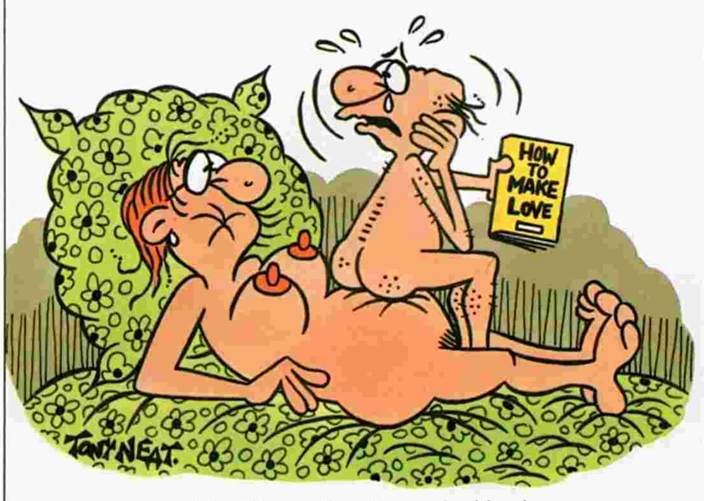
The other kind of man who can't channel his sexuality constructively is the bully – the one who uses blatant, coercive power. The wife-beater. Blocked sexual feelings build up as anger and aggression in the psyche and find dangerous and unpleasant outlets.

The huntsman who, atop a large horse, chases after an animal many times smaller and weaker than him, is demonstrating the same kind of neurotic behaviour. In fact, it is documented that one huntsman who injured an objector, said it was "a private business, just like beating your wife". Old ballads show the connection where the hunted hare is referred to in obviously sexual terms: "But all my delight is a Cunny in the Night/When she turns up her silver Hair . . ."

Of course, when people, especially from the male of the species, join in groups, they are subject to peer and group power. This means they may get forced into a type of behaviour they don't feel comfortable with and to which they inwardly object. A hearty Welsh male friend of mine told me recently how he gave up rugby partly because it was getting too aggressive, but partly because of what happened after the game – hard-drinking and hard-hunting. If you didn't grab the first available blonde in the bar and drill her socks, you were called a pansy or a faggot. Being a family man, he finally couldn't take it any more and said goodbye to the game. The pressure to indulge himself when he didn't want or need it became a bore and he just didn't want that kind of power over women which he interpreted as a form of abuse.

Insecure Male

But it's mostly the insecure male of the species who seeks many conquests as if he's trying to prove he's a man, but he never quite manages to do so. Likewise, the insecure woman seeks lovers at any cost. But who finally wins in the battle of sex? The man or the woman who finds inner confidence and who is able to experience a creative, healthy and regular sex life, they are the winners. Those people know who they are.♣



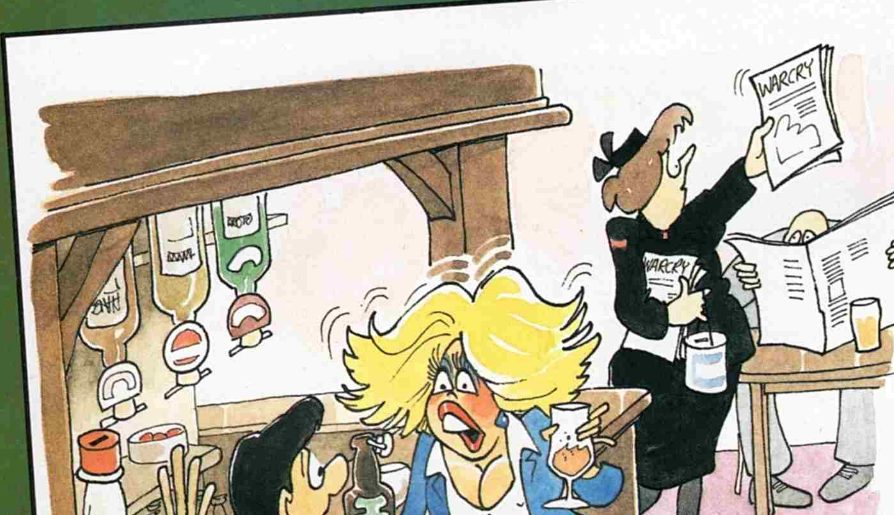
I don't know how to read, either!

fRED

Photographs by John Beze

The lighter sid

The trouble with sex is that some people are inclined to take it far too seriously. Why? It's supposed to be amusing, after all. To remind you of this, Club invites its readers to relate their most hilarious build-ups, knock-backs and let-downs in the pursuit of erotic excellence. Roger from Chelsea gives you a taste of his hackle-raising encounters with the opposite sex, some of which scarred him for life . . .


WARCRY
WARCRY
GUIDE DOGS FOR THE DRUNK

REVERSE THRUST

Gala Shackleton was her name, an air traffic controller by trade, known on the Swinton lounge bar circuit as The Blonde Bomber. Gala liked lager with whisky chasers and said she always worked better after a few bevvies. I was far from sure what she meant by that. Suffice to say I have been travelling more by rail these days.

Gala is one of those girls a chap can't resist trying to get pissed, because her brain (or what there is of it), sort of melts around about chucking-out time. She'd stare at me through the head on her Tetley's, neither seeing nor comprehending. In her one-tracked, blinkered mind, wedged firmly and resolutely between her pretty ears, was one thing and one thing only: a bloody enormous rock-hard prick, festooned with balls like avocados.

Yes, Gala had that ''fuck-like-a-rattlesnake'' vibe all right, but there was just the teeniest, weeniest little screw loose, I would in due course discover. That fateful night, following her ninth Grolsch, Gala confessed she had sex problems.

"It's just no good for me in bed," she said, to which I replied hand-made mattresses as purveyed by Heal's of Tottenham Court Road were supposed to be most efficacious.

"No," she said, shaking her head from side to side and flecking my chops with froth in the process. "It's not that. It doesn't turn me on, like. I only enjoy it, how can I put it, *in certain places*."

"Count me out, babes," I said, glancing at my watch and spilling a Worthington White Shield in my lap. "That's illegal. Anyhow, it hurts."

"Daft bugger," she said, lighting a cheese straw and giving my gold Dunhill lighter to the Salvation Army lady. "I'm talking locations. Whereaboutses. Vicinitieses."

"Well? So what's wrong with that?" I asked, well into a bit of sauciness. "I can handle that, no probs! In the NCP bog down the Bullring, you mean? In the South Kensington Science Museum? A graveyard at midnight? Hey – that'd be a hoot!"

"No, no, no, that wouldn't do at all," said Gala, belching and scratching her crotch. "Fact of the matter is, I only get off doing it on Runway 3, just before the 23.15 from Brussels touches down."

"Oh, you mean behind the fire crew shed!" I said, getting well stiff at the prospect. It made sense, in a funny sort of way, because the fire crew would always be out on the tarmac on duty at such at time, and –

"No, luv," she said. "I mean *on* the runway. The smell of the fuel, the roar of the turbines, the scream of the tyres, the –"

"Make those lagers Special Brews, barkeep," I said. "And large Johnny Walkers to go with them."

It was a warm night. We parked on the perimeter road, and crawled under the security fence (a very erotic event, as Gala's skirt rode up to reveal a singular lack of panties). Experiencing difficulty in getting back to our feet, we continued crawling across the tarmac, singing *Wild Thing*, as almost immortalized by The Troggs.

Gala collapsed astride a white line, hoisted her skirt, and spread her shapely thighs. She looked absolutely gorgeous, and I dropped my pants and tossed them aside.

"How long've we got?" I asked.

"Ten minutes," she said, stroking my prick and guiding it home. "So ride me, Biggles."

God, the devil-may-care anarchy of it! Only young once, right? Fuck the world! More Scotch!

"Why're you screaming?" I asked.

"I'm not," said Gala. "Look at those lights getting bigger and bigger! So incredibly pretty!"

The screaming grew louder, the lights grew brighter, and Gala clawed my back and bit my lip and went crazy for it, as 115 tons of Lockheed Tri-Star hit the tarmac at 300 mph, thundering past in a frenzied, ear-splitting, mind-blowing, bowel-vacating cacophony of roaring engines and screaming tyres, missing us by less than three feet.

"Wow!" said Gala, on all-fours, watching her clothes being blasted down the runway towards the KLM Air Cargo depot. "Was that good for you, too?"

Illustrations by Anthony

# of sex

CARRYING A TORCH

Eighteen years old and serving an apprenticeship with an electrical contractors at Hainault. Well, you've got to start somewhere, right?

"Get yourself a haircut, lad, and you can come over the Manor with me tomorrow," said Bob, my gaffer. "Madam wants a new ring main."

"And that's not all she bleedin' wants," said the yard manager, winking at me, making baboon like crotch thrusts, pushing his index finger in and out of his clenched fist, poking his tongue in and out ever so fast, and slapping the back of his neck.

It was like he was trying to tell me something.

Bob spent most of the morning on the first floor, raking out (that's trade talk for destroying intricate 18th century plaster architraving and cornices with a bolster and chisel).

"You check these earth contact leakage breakers with this here amp meter," he said after lunch, seating me at Madam's kitchen table, ruffling my hair and kissing my cheek. "I'm off down the bookies."

"Hello," said this big lady in a dressing gown, no sooner had Bob's Commer disappeared down the drive. "I own the place. Would you like to suck my tits? Let's have a drink, then."

It was blue in colour, and tasted like Nitromors. We had three each, after which I climbed on the table and rendered an impromptu impersonation of Frank Ifield, he being popular at the time. Madam kept opening her robe and saying: "Look! She's ready for you," but I was so drunk I couldn't see anyone there at all. It might have been her daughter, I suppose, but if it was, she must have been very small. Or shy.

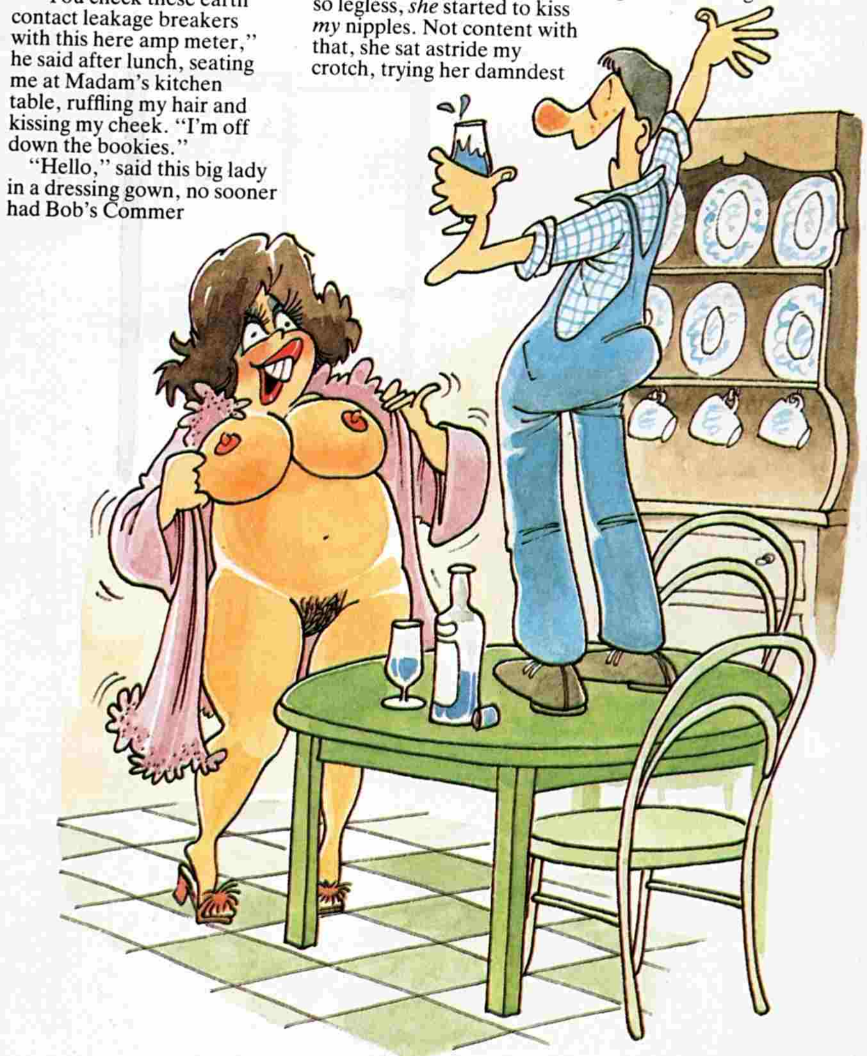
I collapsed on the table and Madam kneeled astride me, repeatedly beating my face with her knockers. I wish she hadn't, as I had a devil of a boil on my cheek. I kept reaching up to grab one and have myself a lick, but they proved cursed elusive. I was put in mind of *The Pit And The Pendulum*.

Madam tore open my overalls, which really pissed me off: mum would be furious. By now, Madam was so legless, *she* started to kiss *my* nipples. Not content with that, she sat astride my crotch, trying her damndest to squeeze the life out of me with her great fat arse, then grabbed my ears and started banging my head on the table; well, into a bowl of kedgeree, to be precise. Then, squeezing my mouth open, she chucked yet more blue firewater down my throat.

"God, it's enormous!" she panted, her hand in my overall pocket, pulling it about like she was milking a cow or something. I hadn't the heart to tell her she had hold of my Pifco torch – which would have come in handy, as it happened, because I was blacking out.

When I came to, I was experiencing the after-effects of a fabulously erotic dream – not that it felt like I was dreaming at all, my prick being stuck up a tub of Swarfega. I looked up to see Bob and Madam, sitting at the table with cups of tea studying *The Sporting Life* and by all accounts trying hard to pretend I didn't exist.

"I can't imagine what's come over him," said my gaffer, shaking his head.



THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON HIS FACE

Because Edna was easy didn't make her any less attractive. Neither did her reputedly excessive ardour have me rushing to my local sex shop to buy up job lots of Sta-Long, Mister Piston or Enduro-Shag. Actually, I found Edna's brass-studded black leather suspender belt and steel-tipped biker boots incredibly saucy, particularly when worn with black silk stockings.

Wining and dining Edna was as superfluous as wearing the correct tie to a glue-sniffing party. One doesn't date the Ednas of this world to exchange notes on Provencal cuisine or noble clarets. And – God forbid – one doesn't date the Ednas of this world to take them to tea at Mummy's. I mean, would one feel comfortable on the lawn at Glyndebourne with Siouxsie Sioux on one's arm?

Edna drank a lot and talked at great length (length – a word that cropped up frequently, now I recall) about a recent business trip to Copenhagen. Fascinating. And every time she left the table and walked across the restaurant to the Ladies, I watched her bottom wobble, and my thing became very hard indeed. Time to go. . . .

At my place, Edna kicked the door shut (the hole is there to this very day) and undressed. She held no truck with foreplay, she said, but nevertheless sat on my face and ground her crotch around on my nose for what seemed like an eternity. Or *eterdity*, as I would have said prior to my recovery from a severely flattened conk a few days later. Yes, Edna was one heavy lady.

Finally I got her on the bed, scrambled between her statuesque thighs (not pausing to decipher the tattoos), pushed her knees apart, and upped her to the hilt. I won't lie, she was terrific. All that grunting, screaming, and talking in tongues. I did her this way, I did her that. And doggy-style, too. But not for long, due to her insistence on pounding her fists on the wall, screaming: "Give me your sodding great greasy cucumber, you dirty bloody bugger, you."

Oddly enough, it wasn't Mrs Grant-Pritchett from No.36 ringing my doorbell and shouting: "If you don't bleedin' pipe down I'll get my Dougie to sort you out with his secateurs," which put me off my stroke. It was Edna, breaking into a sweat, bursting into tears and shrieking: "Give me your big, beautiful baby! Go on, give it to me, I told the Doc to remove my coil yesterday because it's you I want, only you, and you alone, it'll be a beautiful baby, and we'll call it Wayne."

All of which was most inconvenient as I was due to meet my fiancée at the Speakeasy Club two hours later. Funny old world.

OWN GOAL

The stag party at my place. All the lads, add a few slags, and mucho macho fun for all. Boozing, shagging, total-bloody-mayhem! Tony the scrum-half with his camcorder, shooting me and fat Eileen doing doggy-style. Yours Truly waving a bottle of Gordon's about and singing *Come on Eileen*.

Ah, those were the days, footloose and fancy-free . . . Then I met Serena just a few days later. A stunning beauty, a fashion model, but incredibly intelligent – a sort of teenage Joanna Lumley. Someone said she'd dated George Michael. Serena and I fell in love at first sight – at the Embassy Club, so high on champagne. We went back to my place. I showered, she flicked on the telly and put a Miles Davis CD on. I was so excited, my erection simply wouldn't subside. I doused myself with Eau Sauvage and returned to the lounge. No Serena, just a note:

"Charming video, shame about the spots on your bot. Frankly, I see no future with a man so pitifully endowed.

Serena.

P.S. I'll return the tape after the charity gig at the Hippodrome on Tuesday. Should be v. well received."

LIFE WITH
Linzi

LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for Club International. Aren't you lucky?

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Alistair points the way ahead. Little did he know what was in store for him!

SONAT
LONDON A-Z

I've just been on a tour through the picturesque forests of North Wales. And if you have visions of me sitting in a coach with a party of OAPs on a day outing, you can forget it. If you really want to know, I was trying my hand at being a navigator at a round of the Marlboro National Rally championship. And when you consider my driver was reigning National Champion Alistair Sutherland, at the wheel of his pretty rapid four-wheel-drive Mazda 323i Turbo, it's easy to understand why I never really had much opportunity to admire the scenery!

I don't mind travelling in a fast car and I've never had any trouble reading the London Underground map, so I reckoned I'd be the ideal candidate to assist Alistair in his winning ways in the Welsh hills. As it turned out, though, I was actually more of a hindrance than a help to the rather dishy Alistair, and I had him totally exasperated at times – as you can probably tell by his expression in some of the pics. But I was doing my best . . . honest!

Unless you've ever actually been strapped into the passenger seat of a rally car and driven around a championship course, it's difficult to adequately describe the experience. It's a bit like taking off in a jet aeroplane, and having a horrendously bumpy landing every six seconds. It's definitely *not* a good idea to have breakfast before setting out!

I really can't see the fun in zooming up a snowy hillside track (which you'd normally have trouble *walking* on) at speeds of about 100mph, festooned with papers and course maps, Alistair shouting at the top of his voice: "Is the next one a slow right or flat-out?" Well, I mean, how the hell am I supposed to know *that*??

It was really all I could do not to spill my coffee at that speed – which I was trying desperately to avoid, as I was wearing my squeaky new leather mini for the occasion.

As if I wasn't struggling enough, I thought Alistair was just trying to add to my problems when he asked me if I wanted a potty. "Your driving doesn't scare me *that* much, you know!" I shrieked, as I told him to turn right at a left-hand hairpin, my eyes firmly shut.

Serious Attempt

Steam now coming out of his ears, Alistair tried his best to explain that a potty is a map magnifier used by what he called "proper" navigators – and it was his opinion that I could really do with one. I got the impression Alistair was beginning to regret ever asking me to navigate; but, potty in hand, I began to peruse my various maps in a serious attempt to help him win the rally. Besides, it was in my own interests to get this bloody thing over and done with as soon as possible, because I was starting to feel air-sick.

Photographs by Charles Haydn and Paul Diamond

Marlboro
CBC motorsport
Shell

My driver didn't really appreciate my need for a cuppa whenever I go on a long drive . . .

SONAT
GRANITE CITY RALLY
She
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& surrounding

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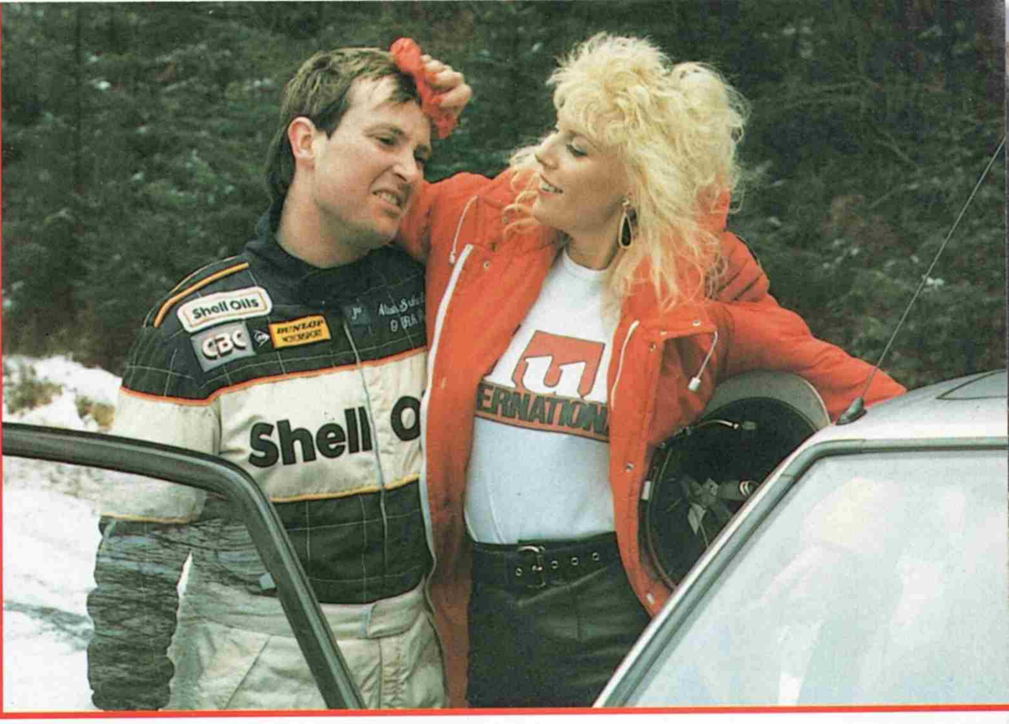

Thanks to my efforts, however, we came to a halt far sooner then even I had planned: I'd plonked my potty on the wrong map, and given poor Alistair yet another bum steer. What I'd told him was a flat-out curve turned out to be another one of those bloody hairpins and we skidded into this huge log which was rather inconveniently placed in our path. Result: one puncture and a knackered exhaust pipe. Oh, dear . . .

Alistair definitely wasn't a happy man, but I wasn't too bothered – it gave me an opportunity to get my heartbeat back to something approaching normal! Besides, I needed to check my make-up. While Alistair did the chivalrous thing of changing the tyre and putting the exhaust bracket on again, I gave my features the once-over.

Alistair seemed to be taking a hell of a long time, and I was beginning to feel just a teensy bit bored – so I thought I'd make the time pass a bit quicker by teasing him a little. As he rummaged around under the car, I called out: "I think I'll change my knickers, Alistair; the ones I have on are a bit damp, what with all the excitement."

First to come off was my leather mini. It squeaked and creaked deliciously, as new leather always does. Then, tossing my rally jacket to one side, I eased off my T-shirt and bra. God only knows what was going through Alistair's mind as I squatted down beside him, fingering my nipples.

By the time Alistair emerged, satisfied that everything was okay with the Mazda, I was completely starkers except for my high heels, stockings and suspenders. My nipples, thanks to my close attentions, looked a treat sticking out into the bracing, sharp air. Alistair seemed particularly taken with my thatch of golden pubes, which glistened as the strong sun caught them. I rubbed my hand across them, as suggestively as I know how, and suggested he check his dipstick. For the first time, Alistair was rendered speechless as he obediently trundled off to lift the bonnet. Actually, I didn't mean *that* dipstick, but I suppose that's what I get for trying to be too clever, eh?

Little Frolic

Poor Alistair didn't know if he was coming or going, and I began to feel really guilty about the hard time I'd given him. I decided I'd be a good girl from then on. By this time he was staring meaningfully at the oil level on his dipstick, so I helped him out by wiping it clean with my spare pair of knickers. A girl always has to travel prepared, you know.

We had a quick kiss and a cuddle to prove there were no hard feelings, then we were back on the road again. What with our little frolic in the forest and all the other wild goose chases I'd sent Alistair on, the

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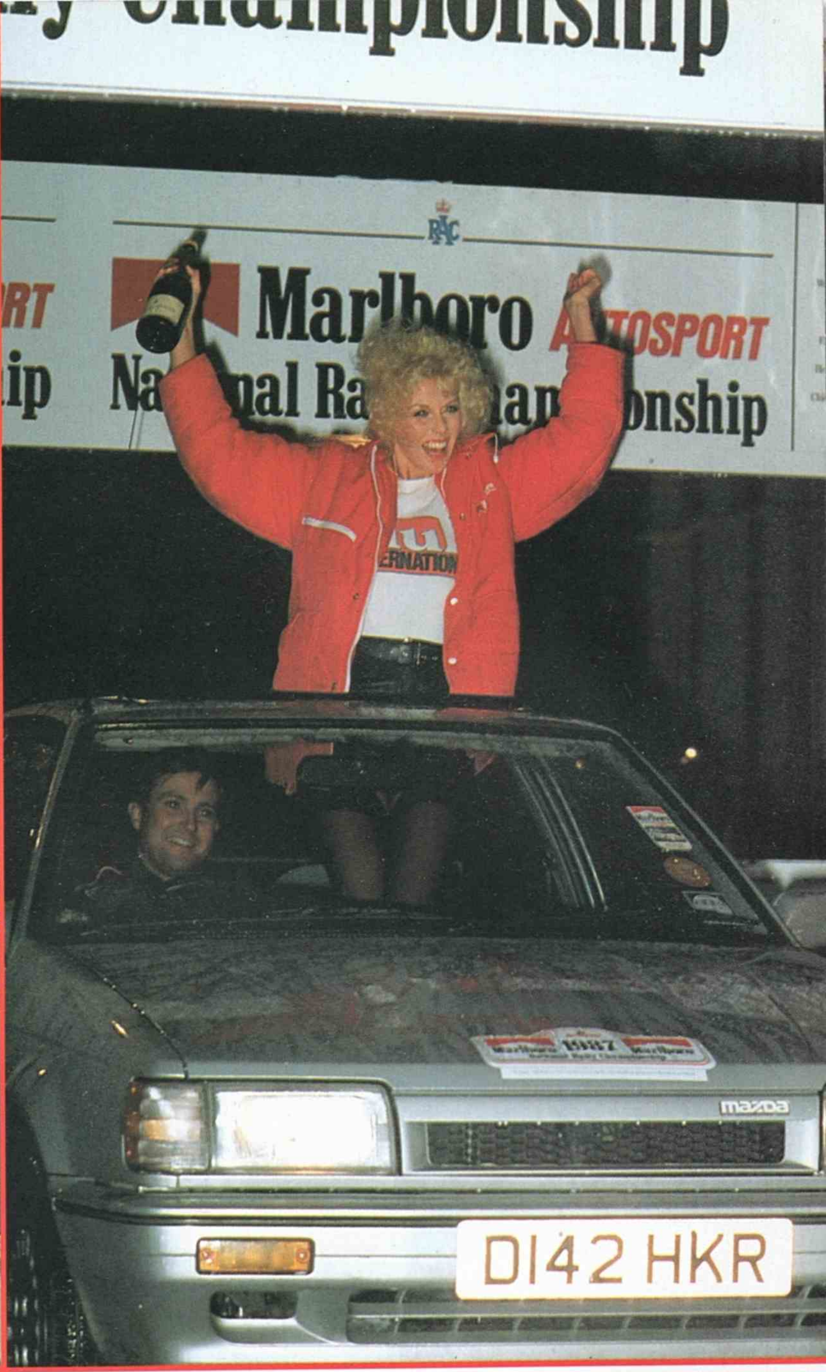

Mmmm! Nothing like a fizzy kiss at the end of a long, hard day

rally had long since finished by the time we set off. Eventually, though, we did it! The way I was going on, you'd have thought we'd just *won* the event. Someone at the finish area in Llandudno must have thought that, too, because two bottles of champers were thrust into the car as we made our way towards the finishing ramp. After all the trials and tribulations we'd been through, I reckoned we thoroughly deserved our few swigs of Moet et Chandon.

Striptease

Alistair was looking a bit happier by this time, but then champagne does tend to have that effect on you (hic!). I thought I might try to make Alistair smile even more.

You see, all the drivers take their cars to be thoroughly washed at the end of a rally – well, have you *seen* the state a rally car gets into? Even *my* car's cleaner . . .

So, as we waited for the car wash to finish its final rinse, I treated the rather bemused Mr Sutherland to a repeat striptease performance, as he'd missed most of the earlier one due to an engagement with an exhaust pipe! As Alistair looked on, I got the impression he was well chuffed to find out there was actually something I could do right.

Alistair did invite me to try my hand at the navigating bit again, working on the assumption that practice makes perfect. I felt obliged to pass up that offer, working on the assumption that I don't think I would suit grey hair just yet.

Still, Alistair was a great sport and I'm sure he'll chalk up many more victories as a works Mazda driver without a certain L. Drew getting in the way!

I'm off to recover now (the feeling in my legs has only just come back), but rest assured I'll be bang on form in time for next month's *Life with Linzi*. See you then!

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

My husband and I are both regular Club readers. We very often retire to bed with a couple of copies of the magazines, using them to turn us on before we fuck.

One night we came home, stripped off, and climbed into bed. My hubby had Vol 15 No 14, and I had No 13. As we flicked through the mags, my husband fondled my cunt while I slowly wanked his prick.

Then he turned to the pages of you wrestling in the porridge. It was then I realized his prick was harder than normal. After he'd flicked through all the pages, he soon returned to all the messy pictures of you.

By this time, we were really wanking each other, and I was wetter than I'd been for a very long time. I felt really randy. I said to my husband: "You like those pictures, don't you?" and he said: "I've always liked messy birds."

It was then I showed him the pictures from 15/13 of the girls plastered in paint. This had such an effect on him that he said: "Stop wanking me, or I'll come in a minute." It was at this point he confessed his biggest turn-on is to see girls covered in any sort of messy substance, especially paint.

I suggested we go into the bedroom next door, where we just happened to be decorating at the time. We went through to the room and I lay down on the dustsheets. Then I told my husband to plaster me with whatever gunge he liked. First, he opened a tin of thick, black gloss, tipped it all over my head, brushed it over my body and worked it into my blonde hair. Next came a large tin of thick, dark blue gloss, which was poured all over me. He made sure plenty was worked around my wet, hairy fanny.

He then told me to stand up while he stirred a tin of grey undercoat. He proceeded to paint me from head to toe, and the fact the paint was becoming stickier and stickier was a real turn-on. I lay down and eased a couple of fingers into my gunged-up pussy.

After a few minutes, my husband climbed on top of me, pushed his big dick right up me and gave me a sound fucking. But it wasn't long before we started to actually stick together, so we parted and kneeled in front of our large, full-length mirror. This time, he entered me from behind. Seeing myself in the mirror all covered in paint – my husband's cock thrusting in and out of my painted pussy – made me super-wet; we both came in torrents.

Later, I asked my husband how long he'd had that fetish for. He told me it all began after he'd seen a film several years ago called *Painted Pussies*, where reel after reel of girls stripped off and were coated all over with paint before they did some simulated masturbation – pretty much like the centre-spread girls in the early *Electric Blue* films used to do, in fact.

Since that first time, we've tried all sorts of messy things – including porridge, when my husband cleaned me off and brought me to a climax with his tongue. But the sticky feel of paint is our favourite, and well worth the suffering of cleaning up with turps afterwards.

Shirley, Dorset

Actually, I can well imagine that the cleaning-up might be a good excuse to participate in more naughties. After all, your hubby would be doing the cleaning, right? And he'd have to get into all the nooks and crannies, right? Need I say any more...?

Dear Linzi,

I've just dashed home with the latest copy of Club International. After spending many hours slavering over your gorgeous pussy and wanking myself stupid at the very sight of you, I thought I would just say a few words in appreciation of what, in my opinion, is the most suckable pussy I've ever seen.

Looking at your pictures, I couldn't help lusting to have your two lips gently working up and down on my erect, throbbing tool. I often fantasize about your body. I would gently – but masterfully – part your shapely legs, peel down your skimpy panties (revealing the well-trimmed mound beneath which lies every man's desire) and slowly but surely finger your soaking fanny. I feel my jeans tighten and my pulse rate rising, with you wriggling and moaning all the time. I'd then bend you over, easing my aching tool into your pussy. Wow!

Back to reality. I suppose I'll have to make do with your more-than-exceptional monthly photo sets in Club, but there's a snag – after a week or so of drooling over your mouth-watering snatch, the pages stick together for some reason. It beats me...

I am convinced that as I sit wanking frantically, your smile gets wider as I spurt my spunk all over your face. Whatever, my wanking has improved in leaps and bounds since reading *Life with Linzi.*

Andrew, London

Well, that's what I'm here for, Andrew, and it's certainly good to know I'm having the desired effect. And the smile in my pics probably does get wider, because it always does when I watch a guy wanking in the flesh.

Dear Linzi,

I'm a 34-year-old male who enjoys seeing a girl with nice legs wearing a lacy suspender belt, tan-coloured stockings and black high-heeled pumps. I have a shapely, attractive girlfriend called Pamela who enjoys wearing these things to please me.

The other night I was lying on the sofa watching TV when Pamela came out from the bedroom. All she was wearing was a lacy beige-coloured suspender belt, tan-coloured stockings and her black high-heeled pumps. She looked beautiful! Whenever we go out in the evening she always wears a dress or skirt, and a suspender belt and stockings underneath. Sometimes she enjoys being naughty and wears crotchless panties – or even no panties at all.

I really wish more women would give up wearing pantihose and wear gear like Pamela's. *David, New York*

I agree, David. And I don't think you'll come across much dissent from Club readers, either!

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

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The real winners! Malcolm Wilson (left) and co-driver Nigel Harris romped home in their Metro 6R4

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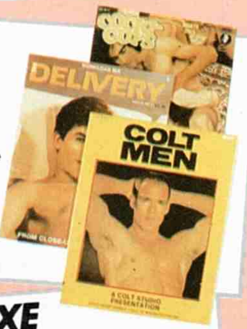

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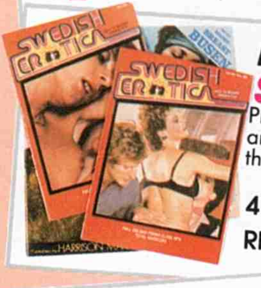

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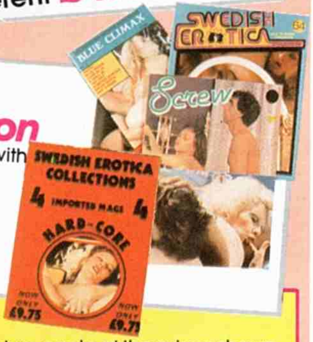

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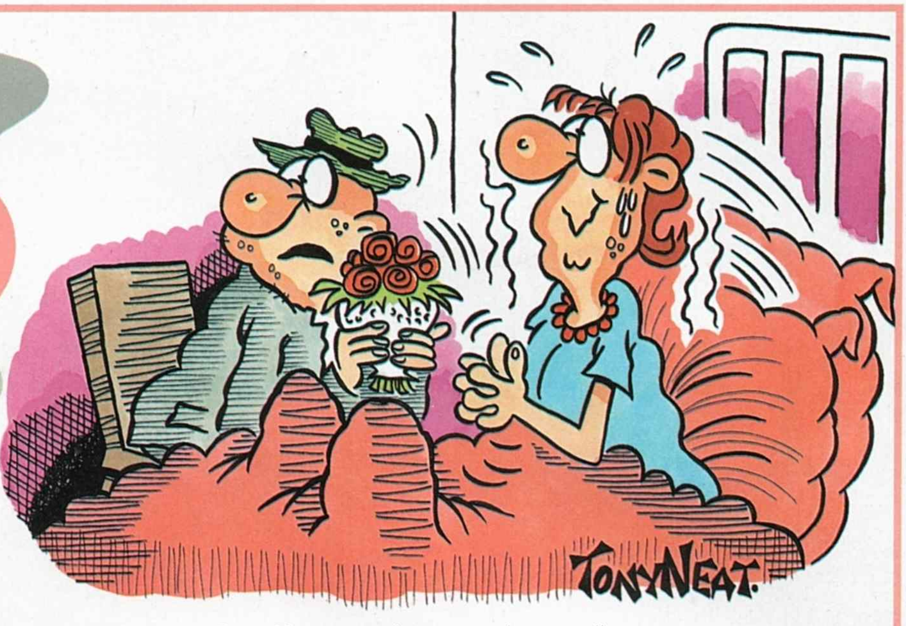

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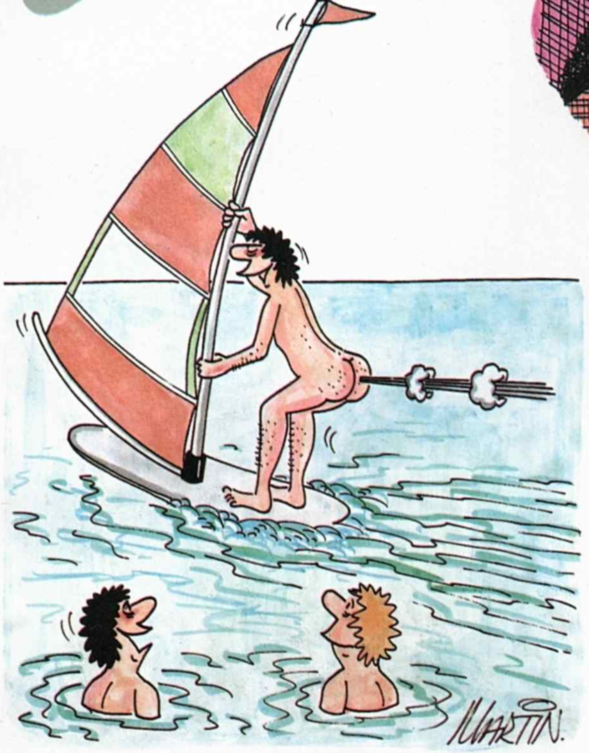

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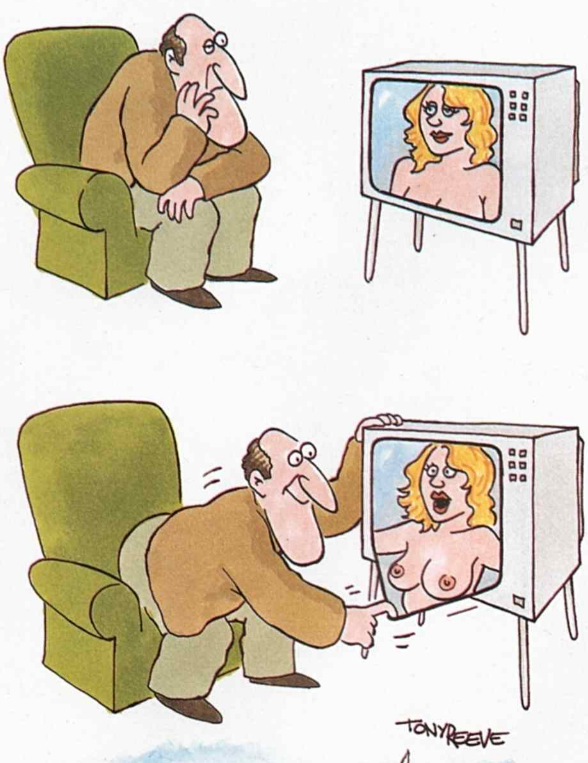

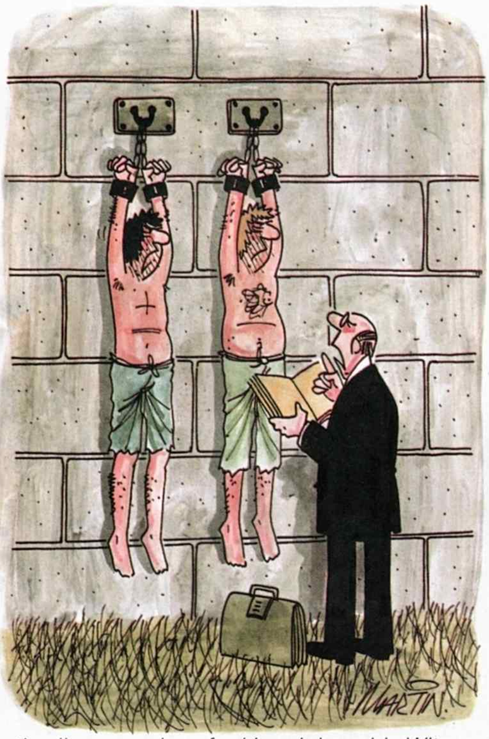

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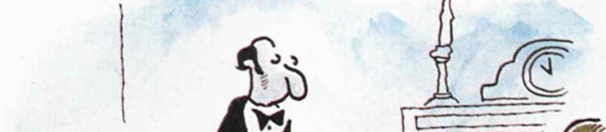

DICKY HOWETT

The hydraulic jack again tonight, Jeeves

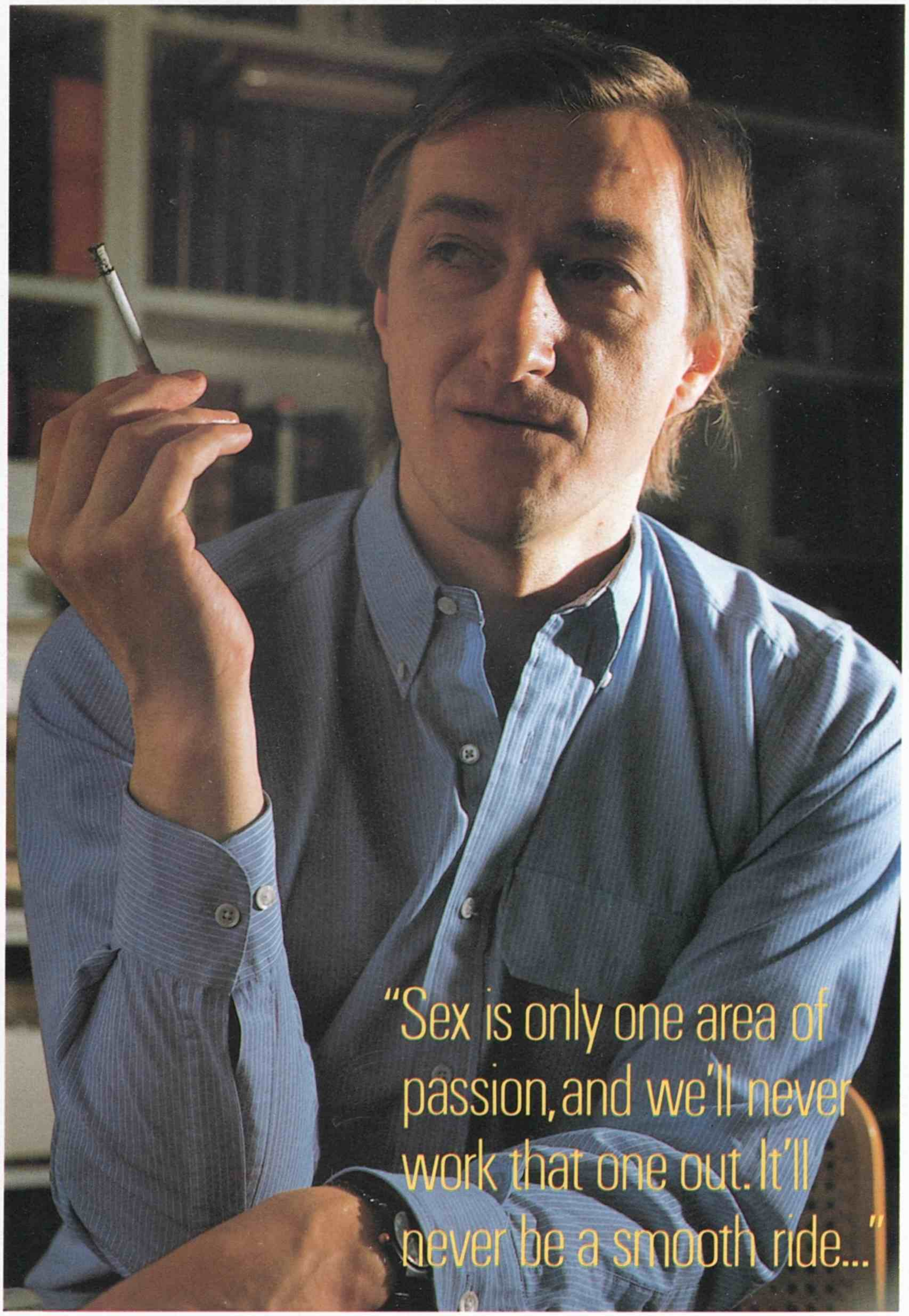
Suzette

Photographs by Dwight Fox

club

Chris Lloyd talks to JULIAN BARNES

(alias Dan Kavanagh, Basil Seal, Len the Unlucky, etc.)



> "Sex is only one area of passion, and we'll never work that one out. It'll never be a smooth ride..."

Photographs by Charles Haydn

Probably the first thing I noticed about Julian Barnes was his apparent passion for writing copy under assumed names. He seems to have collected them like foreign currency on pub walls or the way some people have alibis all ready for when the wife phones. Naturally, you send in the detectives. As *Tatler's* restaurant critic, he was Basil Seal. For *New Statesman*, he threw out all kinds of vaguely glittering personalities – Spiro Keats, Ms Demeanour, Len The Unlucky, and now he has a whole series of thrillers out in paperback with his wife's maiden name on the cover. More than enough to go on, you'd think.

Perhaps those were heady days for Barnes, because novels under his own name are more frequent – *Metroland*, *Before She Met Me*, *Flaubert's Parrot* and *Staring At The Sun*, the latest – and apt to win literary prizes, for which there are many around, eager to ambush writers with weird obelisks and a handy sum of cash. *Flaubert's Parrot* is the one you're most likely to see on the stalls, with a member of that farcical species (could be alive, could be stuffed) chained to a perch on the Picador jacket. It only just missed out on the Booker prize four years ago by a green feather or two. It's beginning to dawn on certain people that they may be staring at a major talent.

Still not knowing a great deal about him, I sent for cuttings and The Complete Works. The cuttings were interesting, but the works were incomplete. His second novel, *Before She Met Me*, a stone-cold study of sexual jealousy that eats up a middle-aged academic on his second marriage, was out of print. So I went on a hunt for it in the bookshops, also great places to get second opinions. While one girl searched for it on microfilm, for instance, her head jerked up from the screen. "Oh yes," she said, "I remember it now. That book was *strange*." I asked her what that meant, but she wouldn't be committed. "Believe me," she repeated, "it's really *strange*." Each time, she uttered the word as if it had bitten her on the neck a while ago and she still had to wear a scarf.

Sickening Shocks

The other one that sticks in my mind was that Julian Barnes is definitely "flavour of the month" There must be some truth in that. His own name is starting to mean something, and he's making no secret at all about his authorship of this rather nasty thriller cycle currently doing some brisk business at the counter. For a kick-off, the sleuth's name is Duffy and he's bisexual. Prior to his introduction, called simply *Duffy*, he was slung out of the Metropolitan police force on sexual corruption charges, so now he cruises and solves alone. There are three out at the moment, with a fourth and fifth in the pipeline. The first took Soho as a patch, the second (*Fiddle City* – love the title) combed Heathrow, and the third, *Putting The Boot In* (all in Penguin Books) opts for the football pitch belonging to a reasonable bunch of Third Division no-hopers busy going down the League U-bend with some help from their supporters.

The Duffy books aren't simply finger-muscle on the typewriter, despite how quickly Barnes – or rather

Dan Kavanagh – polishes off a manuscript. They mix titillation with menace, intrigue with solid, factual research, and sexual ambivalence with some sickening shocks. It's worth knowing, for those of you who are curious about these things, that for Duffy, the difference between having sex with a girl and a guy is the difference between bacon & egg and bacon & tomato. If you're smart these days, you don't confuse the two. Like the business of names. Julian Barnes is really Dan Kavanagh, but Kavanagh isn't Barnes and neither of them are Duffy . . .

You once described yourself as "a moralist who loves filth". What does that mean, exactly?

Oh, that was one of those falsely-acquired statements. What happens is that an interviewer leads in with a "would it be correct to say you are a puritan who enjoys filth" routine. Something similar to that, anyway. Then you pick up on the word "puritan". No, you think, I'm not a puritan, but perhaps I am a moralist. So then you say: "I'm more of a moralist than a puritan," forgetting its attachment to filth. So it comes out that I'm a moralist who likes filth. You're fair game for misquotes. I don't think one should get paranoid about it.

People keep mentioning your age when they write about you, as if it has some sort of significance. Does it?

It's very odd, I agree, but nothing I have any part in. When I published my first novel, I was 34. One of the initial reviews I got, a hostile one from Auberon Waugh, said that while it was my first book, I'd been around for a long time, so I felt incredibly aged. Now I seem to get several saying I've turned 40, so that's something to look forward to in the 21st century. All of a sudden, I'm young again. It's a great turn-around.

You've been awarded or nominated for quite a number of prizes for books you've written. How important is that to you?

It's always good to win a prize. However, it's almost come to a point in Britain where there are so many prizes that, if you publish a book and don't win one, you feel the book's a failure. But by the time it gets around to the award, you're on to another book anyway, so what they're focusing on is a thing of the past. I picked up a prize in Paris recently for *Flaubert's Parrot*, published here over four years ago. Nevertheless, the idea of the life of your book continuing is very cheering.

It's still very talked-about everywhere, isn't it?

I know. It's odd, because it's the one book of mine that I most thought would not appeal to a wide audience. I wrote it out of personal passion. In fact, I doubted whether my regular publisher would take it, and yet now it's on the list of background reading for the theology course at Cambridge. Personally, I don't see the connection apart from just general intellectual preparation.

A lot of things are at stake for everyone at these award ceremonies, particularly the Booker prize. How did you feel on that occasion?

It was quite enjoyable, actually. I spent the dinner doped to the eyeballs because I had an abscess under one tooth, and completely confident I'd won it. The Booker drives everyone mad in different ways. It drives publishers mad with hope; book-sellers mad with greed; shortlisted candidates who don't win, mad with envy; and winners mad with pride. That is, unless you're very capable of looking after yourself. I think we should all take it with plenty of salt.

Now, before all this writing began, you worked for three years on the Oxford English Dictionary Supplement specializing, as you've put it, in "sporting and dirty words". Is that correct?

My contributions are there, yes, but anonymous, of course. I was working on the first two volumes, actually defining words or looking for examples of usage, particularly the earliest possible usage of various words. That's the main part of the job.

Is the OED still squeamish about dirty words?

Oh, no, they're all in there. I mean, the OED itself, though it came out in a period from about 1880 to 1928, contained quite a few dirty words, if you knew where to look. Words like "prick" and "shit" were certainly in, but it just didn't have either "fuck" or "cunt". It's when you get down to smaller dictionaries, especially for schools, where there's a commercial consideration. If a publisher is selling dictionaries in the Bible Belt of America, then he's not going to make many sales if he includes rude words. If in doubt, even now, publishers are inclined to pussyfoot around. Nevertheless, the policy on the OED was always clear, that they would put in all words without moral bias.

Does it become pretty obsessive work?

I suppose so, and you do recognize that the OED is a sort of long-stop for writers. It was my first job, just out of university, and I was probably a bit light-hearted about it, while also being serious at the same time.

It's also true what I've said about specializing in sport and dirty words, but this wasn't exactly a matter of choice. It was more a case of the fact that there were various specialist lexicographers – scientists, botanists and so on – and then several general editorial assistants, of whom I was the youngest male. There were plenty of dons' wives there too, and so these two categories inevitably came towards me. They weren't happy about sending 60-year-old ladies out to look up the earliest use of words like "cunt", getting them to wade through a million or two quotations to check whether it had developed new senses, and lost old ones.

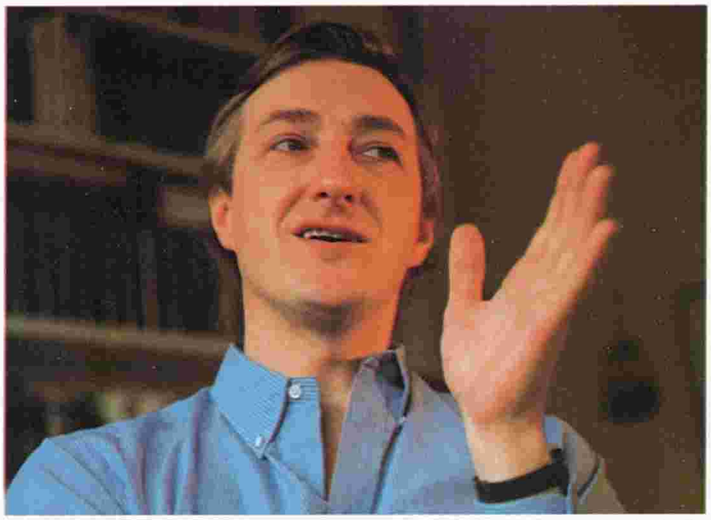
Your readers will doubtless be interested in the first recorded use of the word "cunt", which actually comes from a dictionary of street names. I can look it up for you. Yes, let's have some scholarly input on this one. Circa 1230, street names – Gropie Cuntie Lanie. You see? It has a long and distinguished history.

On the one hand, as Julian Barnes, you've written four highly-acclaimed novels, and on the other, a sequence of racy, sleaze-thrillers under another name. How do you separate them, or do you?

Sleaze-thrillers, you say. Well, I don't publish them under my own name, but I guess perhaps I make the same distinction that Graham Greene makes between novels and entertainments. The Duffy books are meant to be beach-reads, train-reads, holiday-reads, read quickly, enjoyed and laughed at, I hope. They are meant to be funny.

At the same time, the thriller tradition in this country has two divergent paths. One is the Agatha Christie locked-room-puzzle type, where everything is terribly civilized and well worked-out. The matchstick the man left in the third ashtray on the right causes his downfall, and everyone is really rather gentile in it, including the criminal. I find that tradition completely uninteresting and completely unrealistic. Then there's another branch which tries to make crime sound the way it is, refusing to glamorize either the crime or the solving of it.

As regards Duffy, the review I got which pleased me the most in my whole career was actually from *Police World*, which said I'd got Soho just right.



You research the areas that Duffy moves in very thoroughly, don't you?

Well, the information side is more obvious in the Duffy novels, but I research my other novels just as keenly, if not keener. *Staring At The Sun* has flying passages in it that I got a fighter pilot to read. He said useful things like: "On page 34, you have this guy climbing to get out of trouble. Of course, you realize he would descend."

Loose Character

Researching Duffy can be a lot of fun. There are lovely things like "The Stuffer's Toilet" at Heathrow, which I remember visiting. I went round there with a solicitor friend who does cases which come up there, and they took us both round the back.

Did they co-operate?

Well, to be honest, they didn't know who they were co-operating with. I was introduced as a barrister colleague and, as I have read for the bar, technically I can call myself one. That wasn't a lie. But they weren't told they were showing around Dan Kavanagh, the writer.

Why did you decide to make Duffy bisexual?

It was partly the act of looking for a different sort of hero. I toyed with the idea of making him homosexual, then I thought that was too much of a statement, also narrowing down the options. Bisexuality is very disturbing to a lot of people, anyway, and I decided on it because I thought, here's this guy who's been kicked off the force and who's going to be swimming between areas of legality and illegality. Now, if there's something roughly parallel in his sex life, then that might work. Of course, at the time I had no idea that this AIDS thing was going to blow up like it has.

Have you had to tone down the sex angle as a result?

Well, it doesn't really come into the next one, which I've finished now. After three low-life Duffys, I wanted to send him a bit up-market and see how he reacted to being dropped into the sort of country house that a guy like Duffy might end up in – you know, owned by a loose character who's made a lot of money on the side, married a retired Bunny-girl and opened house to various disreputable ex-crims and posh trash. In a way it's a sort of attack on the old country house thriller. The famous opening of that tradition was: "There was a body in the library." The first line of my new one is: "There was a body in the video library."

Violence isn't all that frequent in the books, but when it does occur, it tends to be pretty memorable, doesn't it?

Yes, but it's interesting that no one yet's been *killed* in a Duffy novel. People have been killed in my straight fiction, but not here. There are violent incidents, but often it's the idea of what might happen that's more effectively frightening than when it actually does. There's a key passage in *Duffy* where he has a wire, the sort that's used for cutting cheese, placed around his vital equipment. It isn't used, but it's there to bring the reader out in a cold sweat.

Of all your books, though, it seems that* Before She Met Me *is the one readers have found the most uncomfortable. Is it the sexual jealousy theme, do you think?

It was a book that got to certain people, definitely. If one follows the crude categories, my first book, *Metroland*, was a "nice" book and you could take it as being about growing up. Bernard Levin even said that at last someone was speaking up for suburbia, as if I had a little estate agent's business on the side, encouraging people to move out there.

Then there was my second, certainly not nice. It deals with a subject that lots of people don't want to think about, that a man can be jealously obsessed about the previous lovers of his wife, torture

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himself and her in the process. Some people have even gone so far as to say it doesn't exist. How very peculiar. To which I would have a series of stock replies. One of these was that, in one of his last interviews, John Lennon – a man we all thought of at the time as the apostle of sexual liberation – confessed how he felt acute jealousy for Yoko Ono's past and the sexual partners she'd had.

It's part of someone else's life they had when you weren't there, and this is the curious double-bind you face when you have a new girlfriend. Do you want her previous past to have been happy, in which she was going to bed with lots of chaps who weren't you? Or do you want it to have been unhappy, so she will appreciate you the more? Part of you wants it to have been miserable for that reason.

Sexual Liberation

Also I felt I wanted to write a sort of anti-60s novel, against the notion that somehow sex had all been worked out, that after repression came sexual liberation, and the decade had simply solved it. Now, we all knew about sex. We all understood it perfectly. In that book, I came down on the side of saying that sex is only one area of passion, and we'll never work that one out. It'll never be a smooth ride.

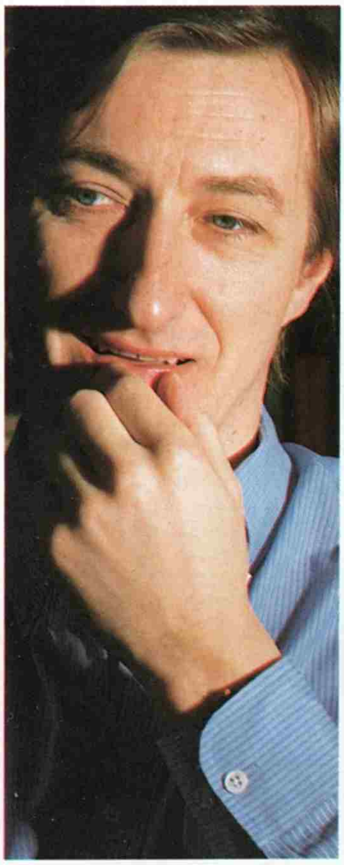
Yes, that time was definitely not a reorienting of the human heart, not in the least. I remember very clearly a remark someone made to me about eight years ago. He said: "I'm all in favour of women's liberation, because it puts a lot more pussy on the market." Of course, there were huge changes, surface changes in sexual attitudes then, and men were jolly grateful for it. A lot more women were suddenly prepared to go to bed with them with less fuss, and they couldn't believe their luck.

So you set out to jog people's memories, and set the record straight?

Well, an American friend of mine came up to me a while back and told me he'd just read it, and he'd been depressed for three days afterwards. I just grinned. As a writer, you're grateful for *any* reaction, but maybe it's as straightforward as the fact that it's really quite easy for normal, seamingly well-balanced people to go off the rails. One of the themes is about your relationship with your own brain, as it were, the schemer of how we think about ourselves. We think of our brain as something we control, that it's the tail and in some way we're able to wag it. But what if it's the other way around? What if there's a whole part of it we can't control?

You have plenty of pseudonyms, and yet there seems to be no mystery about them; who they belong to. Are you just having fun, or are you setting out to confuse people?

When I published *Metroland* under my own name, I knew at the time I wanted to do a series of thrillers using the same character. I argued that it was simple courtesy to the reader, say, in a public library, to keep them separate. There was also an element of fear and caution, too. I didn't like the idea of readers tagging me as the thriller writer, like: "Duffy's pretty good, but you don't want to bother with the other stuff." I also didn't know at what rate I'd produce. I was out balancing them, and this seemed the way to do it.



Then there's this matter of these misleading biographical paragraphs on Dan Kavanagh's past achievements. Would you like to explain those?

That's right, there they are. Actually, what I do most of the time is sit in front of a typewriter, and do what most writers do. The Duffy biographies are just jokes, and if they do manage to take anybody in – if they think this person has really been the assistant entertainments officer on a Japanese supertanker or flown light planes along the Colombian cocaine route, so therefore the stuff he's telling me must be true, I don't mind. The great quote about the relationship of your life to the work is, of course, from Flaubert, who said: "Be regular and ordinary in your life, so that you may be violent and original in your work."

Massage Parlour

It works differently for different writers, but I believe there's a prejudice in the reader's mind in favour of fiction being as autobiographical as possible, and sometimes they feel cheated if they discover that someone who writes about being chased by wolves through the Alaskan pack ice hasn't been further than Watford Gap. Readers, for all their virtues, are literal-minded and they automatically think the imagination is played down.

Even so, it's obvious that Duffy isn't afraid to follow his investigations wherever they lead him, whether it's a massage parlour or a clip joint. Would you say that is the case?

Yes, there is that. But it's like that great divide we were talking about earlier, in British detective fiction. Try to imagine Hercule Poirot going into a massage parlour to follow up a clue. He would, in the classic phrase, "make his excuses and leave", wouldn't he? ♣

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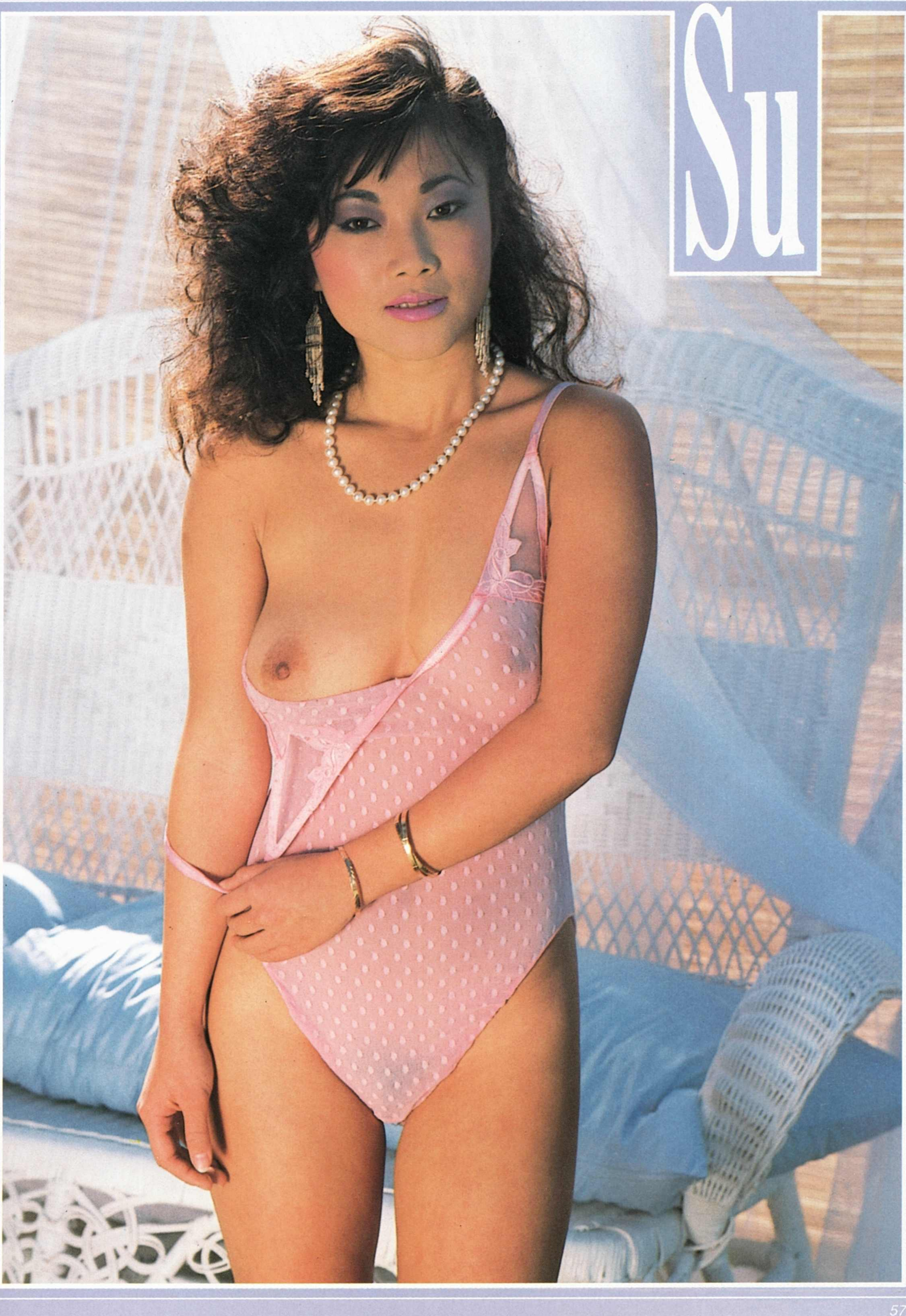

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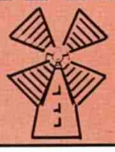

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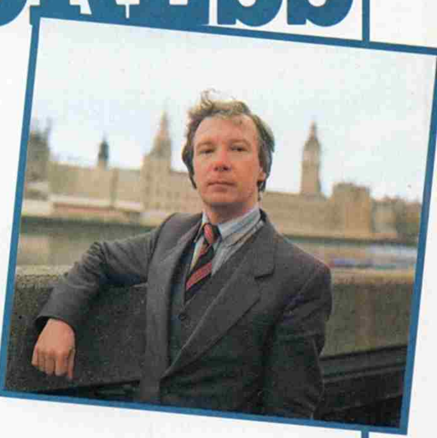
A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 13

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

The Election's on Thursday. Arse-licking nearly over – and about (exdel) time! Meeting your constituents is a depressing enough business (don't type that bit, Titsy), but meeting the Party Grandees makes me want to chuck it all in!

Maggie and Tebbit aren't so bad – for a couple of lefty wets. Everyone hates them, but at least they have a sort of fascinated admiration for their vulgarity and guts. But someone like that Peter de Wintley probably loses me 100 votes every time he opens his aristocratic gob.

What did you think of me on *Question Time*, Titsy? A bit of a stacked deck, I thought. Slobberchops Hattersley, some Bish who hasn't the guts either to believe in God or quit and that SDP girl, what's her name, the one without the arsehole. She doesn't need one – she just opens her mouth and it all pours out!

That lot and me with an audience of social workers, teachers and librarians! I demanded a show of hands at one point to see how many of them were in wealth-creating jobs. Almost all of them were living off the State! Sir Robin raised his hand, but then *he's* on the licence fee, isn't he?

Of course, all the questioners were demanding higher taxes (to be spent on them). Little (exdels) – all granny glasses, beards and dungarees. And the smell!

Naturally all the panel members were against me, too. Think I kept my temper pretty well under the circumstances.

Actually, Piggy, you called Mr H "a push-and-go socialist set running by his ma who's never stopped to think". Sir Robin was a "super-silly-arse four-eyed ad for cough sweets", and there is a writ here from some Law Centre claiming damages for torn clothing and soiled linen on behalf of several members of the audience! Naughty Piggy! – TP.

Invasion of Public Privacy, part 17 – another Pilbeam exclusive

Tuesday:

Tear up the (exdel) writ! All I did was remonstrate with them! It was the bishop's fault. He called me a typical product of the meritocracy unable to empathize with the poor, or some such cant. What does it mean *empathize*? It it's the same as being emphatic he's a (exdel) liar!

Well, I did my "hardships? You don't know what hardships are" bit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: REGULAR READERS WILL KNOW PILBEAM HAD A VERY IMPOVERISHED WORKING-CLASS BACKGROUND. THEY MAY NOT KNOW THAT HE ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY.

That was when some stupid kids in the audience yelled I was a class traitor and an (exdel) turncoat (exdel). Well, I won't take insults to my mother! I left the platform to remonstrate with them. It wasn't my fault I tripped over a camera cable and charged headlong into the seats. Nor am I to blame if they clawed each other to shreds and shat themselves in their panic to leave the room. Didn't touch one of them – no (exdel) bargepole!

Later: See, Titsy, my (exdel) popularity rating is up 15 per cent on the strength of last night! It pays to be direct. After all, if someone insults me in a pub I deck him. So why should I sit and take it just because I'm on TV?

Actually, I need all the help I can get. Things don't look good for Thursday. Mainly because that stupid (exdel) Red Len has started telling the truth! He's completely out of it, and the SDP are whipping up the yuppies down on Dockland Water Park to dump me. "The vulgar millionaire", they're calling me. They're saying we're running neck and neck. Absolute lies, of course. Head to crotch is more like it. Which – the SDP filly being that spunky little redhead Glenna Flyte-Quinn – is the way I'd like it!

Her head, my crotch for preference – although the other way around might be rather nice!

Met her today. Tough little sod. Opened a door for her and we had a blazing row about sexism. She's lovely when she's angry!

Hands off, Piggy! By the way, empathy means projecting oneself so as to understand another perfectly – TP.

I see. A posh way of saying *you* know what people want better than they do. I knew it must be some socialist (exdel)!

Later still: Well, that's coalboxed that! Red Len has just blown it for Labour. It's bad enough for them with their "we surrender" defence policy. But what with Sunny Jim Callaghan chewing it up on the right and (exdels) like Len "interpreting" it on the left, they've copped for the high-speed puncture.

Len's version is that we don't need weapons *at all* – or an army, either – on account of how the Russians are our friends. If they want to come here, why shouldn't they? The Imperialist British Ruling Class doesn't own Britain any more than it owned Bongobongoland or Tarkadhalistan. Land is not a possession, it is the birthright of the International Proletariat expressed through the workers' councils of the world.

I think he's taken the truth drug!

Spiel Kinnock sent old Ron Blok down to sort him out. But Len just started quoting Spiel's writings back at him. Apparently young Spiel slagged Sunny Jim off as "an enemy of socialism", called Harold Wilson "a petty bourgeois" – and a right giveaway commie hate phrase that is! He also wrote: "There is nothing in the Labour Party constitution which could, or should, prevent people from holding opinions which favour Leninism-Trotskyism." And so forth.

Len's point, and it's a good one, is that his lot all thought Spiel was a raving red when he became leader, so what's this sudden moderate bit? Just a front? Or a case of: "The working class may lick my arse, I've got the foreman's job at last?" Either way, Spiel isn't going to enter No 10 on the back of a landslide, that's for sure!

Of course, my problem is Glenna. The SDP look like scooping the yuppie vote. Strange situation here. I've got the natural Labour vote but the Alliance are winning the natural Tories!

Wednesday:

Well, 4 am, actually. Haven't been to bed yet. After going on the piss to gloat over Len's balls-up, I heard that there is a smear campaign against Glenna. Interesting! They say she posed, naked, for *Dazzle* Magazine when she was a student. The papers are after the pictures.

Of course, the Pilbeam Press prints *Dazzle* and I know the publisher very well. I'm told the Press can't find him, which means he isn't at any of the posh nightclubs. But he'll be in some club somewhere, I know him. He likes the bizarre atmosphere of grotty little places as much as the snotty ones – better, I think.

So it was a matter of crawling

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'S'	(SUGAR)	1 HR. OF SPANKING
'T'	(TANGO)	1 HR. OF SUSPENDERS
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around Soho until I saw his Bentley. Easy! Call themselves journalists! Old Ron was on a winning streak and his third bottle of champagne, and in a good mood.

He even smiled when I told him what I wanted and he was able to drag his editor out of bed and get him all the way in from Milton Keynes to search for the pictures! I got the lot, and the model release, in return for four free issues. Close on three-quarters of a million quid in theory, they cost me, but seeing we only print the mag to keep the machines running, I can bear it.

Seems they were never used, far too grainy. And Ron wouldn't hold any back because I'm his only chance for a knighthood. And he knows if Labour get in, Kinnoch's Glenys and the Feminista Tendency will take a dim view of his nudie magazines.

Ron, of course, assumes I'm going to use them to discredit Glenna. Nothing is further from my mind! I believe, as a true democrat, that elections should be settled on the issue and not on personalities.

Besides, I can think of a large chunk of my vote that will switch to *anyone* with a bum like that! Including me!

Hell, I'm going to bed. Have a debate against Len and Glenna for local TV this morning.

Later: Well, Glenna won the debate hands-down! Len was hopeless today and I just can't argue against a pretty woman! I *let* her win, damn it! It's just that I can't shout at a lovely girl or bully her or use any sneaky tricks. It's OK with an old battle axe like Maggs, but against a behind like that I'm pathetic! I suppose that's what they mean when they call me a sexist!

But, afterwards, it was different. I made the fool mistake of opening the door for her again and she raged at me. I think I must have looked a bit confused, because when she'd blown herself out, she patted me on the head, said: "There, there," and kissed me. On the lips!

We were in the Scout hall kitchen at the time, picking up our coats.

Well, that did it. I'd been wondering what to do about the pictures, whether to use them or not, but that kiss decided me. SDP bandwagon or no, if it was a case of my seat or hers, hers won – sitting down!!

I dropped the piccies into her hands. She looked, she gasped, she kissed me again.

Thank Heaven everyone else had gone. We just went through a chemical reaction! Ended up in the cupboard where they store the sports equipment. There was a billiard table slung in just anyhow and, with her half-kneeling on the slope of it, her feet in the end pockets, we just managed to get the door closed and set to. What an (exdel) alliance that was! All the chalk in the D made her sneeze a lot, but that just added to it. It was such fun!

We were at it so long I missed my afternoon Press conference. And we got locked in, so we had to leave by the window. But it was (exdel) worth it!

Later: The last afternoon of canvassing went by very slowly. It is as I feared. Glenna is picking up the yuppie vote by the bucketful. Wet slobs! They're stinking rich but they want to salve their consciences. Can't vote for Len because he'd take away their money, but the SDP wouldn't hurt them too much. And they could be egalitarian, modern, anti-sexist liberals to their hearts' content.

Actually, I was still thinking of Glenna and I couldn't be rude about her. In fact, I praised her very highly, and I think that did me a lot of good.

Canvassing returns showed a swing towards me in the areas I'd just visited.

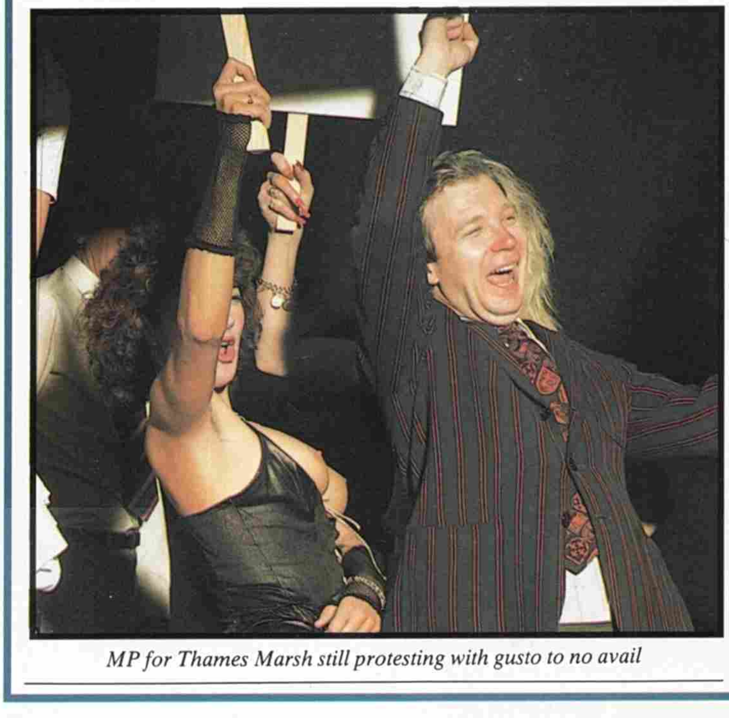
Even so, if the Alliance looks in with a chance tonight I might well lose in Thames Marsh tomorrow.

Well, the hell with it. I don't care! Correction: yes, I (exdel) DO!

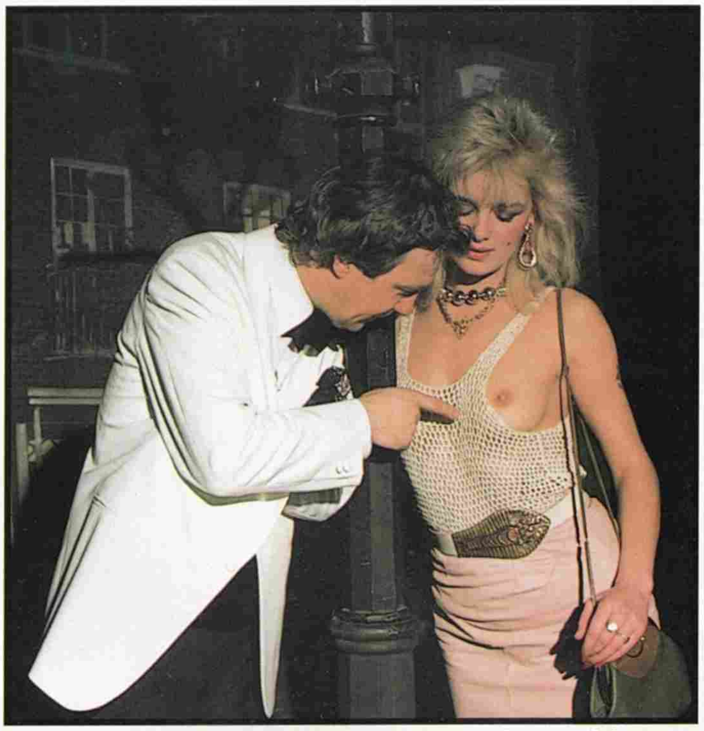
Thursday:

Is there no privacy! Has it come to this, that a British citizen can no longer enjoy a swift relationship without some scum sheet like the *Truth* photographing his (exdels)!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM ACTUALLY OWNS THE *TRUTH*. IT IS REGISTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER, ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE ONLY RESEMBLANCE IT BEARS TO ONE. PILBEAM ALSO FULLY APPROVES THE EDITORIAL POLICY OF THAT PAPER. HE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT FOR A MOMENT.



MP for Thames Marsh still protesting with gusto to no avail



Pilbeam: "Is that a nipple I see?" Streetwalker: "What the hell do you think it is – a cashew nut?"

It was all there. Picture of me and Glenna escaping through the window. Picture of the billiard table. Tasteless (exdel) headline, too: HOLE IN ONE! Wrong (exdel) sport – I'll have them fired!

Of course, it was in Bruce's rags too. Headlines like PILBEAM'S ALLIANCE! and THE LIB-CON FACTS OF LIFE! It is a disgrace that such sensational smears should be published on polling day! Don't the publishers of these rags care at all for democracy?

Well, do you, Piggy? – Tits.

Later: I have no idea what the story will do to my vote. But it's done now. Spent the morning trying to get my people out. I have planned this carefully. I've put it about that TV licence snooper vans were in the district. And there were a few around. About 100, actually. Only cost me a grand to fake them up, but don't type that, Tits.

Of course, no one in Thames Marsh has a licence, at least no one who votes for me. So they had to turn their sets off and, left with nothing to do, were eager to come down to the polls in our chauffeur-driven limousines. Each of which, incidentally, has a colour TV in the back.

Of course, I'm bugged by newsmen, but luckily they're spread a bit thin today. I just deny the story to them. Say we were locked in. And then wink at any supporters of mine standing by.

It isn't doing me any harm with the men. They're all going around slapping their left hands in their right elbows and raising the clenched fists, arm vibrating in the time-honoured fashion.

Better be careful. It's beginning to look like a commie salute!

It's the women that worry me. Do they see me as a Jack-the-lad or a dirty old man? That's the nub.

Later: It's Jack-the-lad! The women are winking at me and making little jokes about supporting an active member! I think I'm IN. Although one old girl chortled that she thought I'd been in once too often!

I've seen Glenna on our rounds, but we daren't meet. And I'm afraid she may not *want* to talk to me ever again. The yuppies have turned against her! They're blaming her, calling her a slut!! Public decency. Example to our daughters, and so forth.

A fine bunch of modern, non-sexist, liberals *they* turned out to be! Why shouldn't a girl have an (exdel) when she feels like it?

Anyway, that's it. The men from Water Park are voting for me. The women are voting Green (with envy, I reckon. Damn yuppies are always too tired to get it YUP!).

Piggy: Stop pretending. I know, and you know I know that you planned it this way. I forgive you now – Titsypoohs.

Later: Well, that's all. The polls are closed and we just have to wait for the count. I hate this bit, although the BBC exit poll has me in with an increased majority.

Overall, the picture doesn't look so good. We've lost Nursford North to the SDP, which could be bad. On the other hand, Labour's not won *anything* yet. My bet is Maggs will be in with a small majority. (Exdel)! Five more years of that old bat!

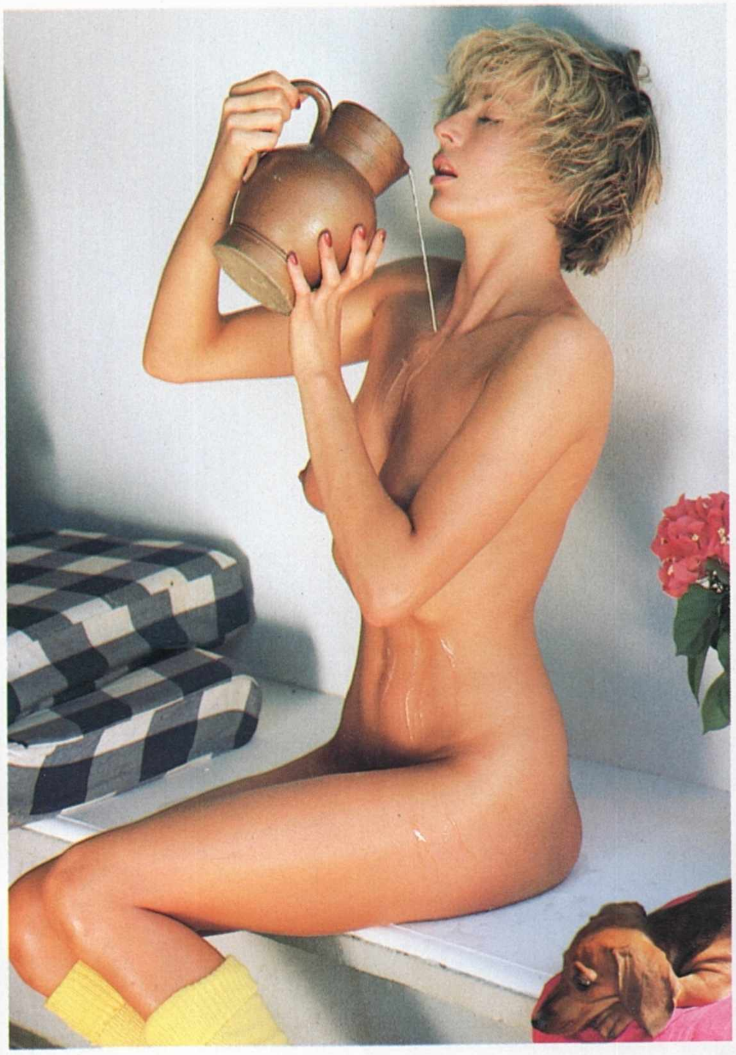
There's good news, too. Glenna *is* speaking to me! She sneaked over from her campaign headquarters, very upset. They're all giving her hell for losing the seat!

I feel a bit guilty about it, actually. We decided to creep off until nearer the declaration and enjoy ourselves.

Later: I'm afraid we lost all track of time. We were just (exdelling) like crazy in the car behind the town hall. I really should have been inside with my supporters. As it was, when Vincent Hanna came to do a pre-declaration interview with me, I was just recovering from (exdel) No 5!

The cheeky (exdel) had brought a mobile camera with him, too. So I just flung myself across Glenna and stuck my bare arse out of the window. Let's see him screen that!

Hell, the polls are closed now. I can do what I (exdel) *like* for the next five years!



KAREN

Photographs by Serge Jacques

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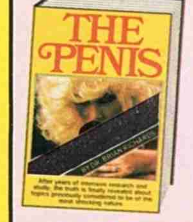

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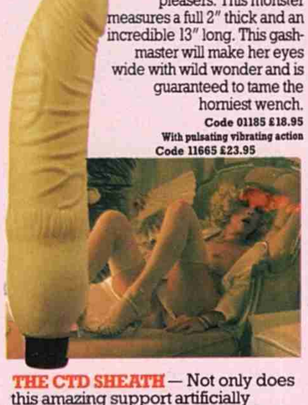

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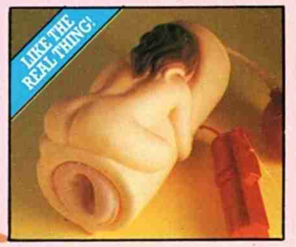

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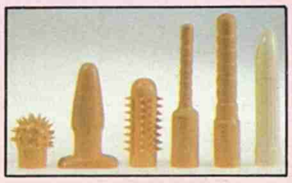

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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests

Four campers have a very special welcome in the hillside for Claire and her big boobs . . .

Club readers may be interested in an unusual experience of mine. I wouldn't say I am the sexiest of people by nature, but I have my drives like anyone else, I expect. I'm 30 years old, married, and while my husband has a full-time job, I occupy myself during the day by running and managing our village general store.

I would describe the sex life I have with my husband to be perfectly adequate; and, had the incident I am about to describe not happened, I'm sure I would have continued to think along these lines. I am undemonstrative in bed, although I do get excited when I know in advance that my husband is going to make love to me. It never lasts very long as he is usually tired when he comes back from the office.

However, that is not what I wish to tell you. Earlier this year, some young men, who were camping nearby, came into the shop for some supplies. It did not take them long to do this, but when they were on the point of leaving, one of them kept picking up various items and asking: "How much is this? How much is that?" I was patient with this tactic, until out of the blue he asked: "How much for a look at your tits?"

I should point out that I have very large breasts, around 42 inches, which are further accentuated by a slender waist. I'm not all that conscious of them, really. This remark, however, made me feel very aware of them inside my bra and sweater. Nevertheless, I shooed them out of the shop. At the door, one of them turned to me with a huge smile and said: "We'll pay double for a feel of them."

Two days later, they were back. I served them tentatively, waiting for any further outbursts. I was quite disappointed by the absence of these, having suddenly made more of an effort with my appearance. Suddenly, though, the tallest of the group had asked for some corn flakes which I needed a ladder to reach and, as I was up there, he said: "Forget the cereal, just let's have a flash of your knockers. If you let me feel them, I'll let you feel my dick. Can't say fairer than that, can I?"

I felt my whole face go red and hot with embarrassment. Language like that was new to me and I found it strangely exciting, although I didn't answer him. At that moment, another customer came into the shop, which put a premature end to the games.

That same afternoon (half-day closing), I went out to pick blackberries. On a bracken-covered hillside, I came across these four lads again, sitting by their campsite. "Oh great!" one of them shouted, "she's brought them express delivery. Terrific service round here."

I think it was at that moment that I realized I would, after all, like them to see what my breasts looked like underneath. I wasn't sure what I wanted, and that hesitation only made these lads bolder. If I had walked on, I'm sure that would have been the end of the matter, bar a few cheeky remarks. But I didn't do that. I actually sat down and asked them for a beer.

One of them was about to hand it to me, when the tallest (his name was Ken, by the way) snatched it, saying: "We'll have a quick look first, OK?" I undid a few buttons on my blouse, exposing my bra to their admiring glances, but it wasn't enough to earn the beer. "You'll have to take your shirt off," he said. That was easily done. Then this voice inside me told me to go on with the show. I fumbled behind with the hooks on my bra, and my breasts spilled out into the open.

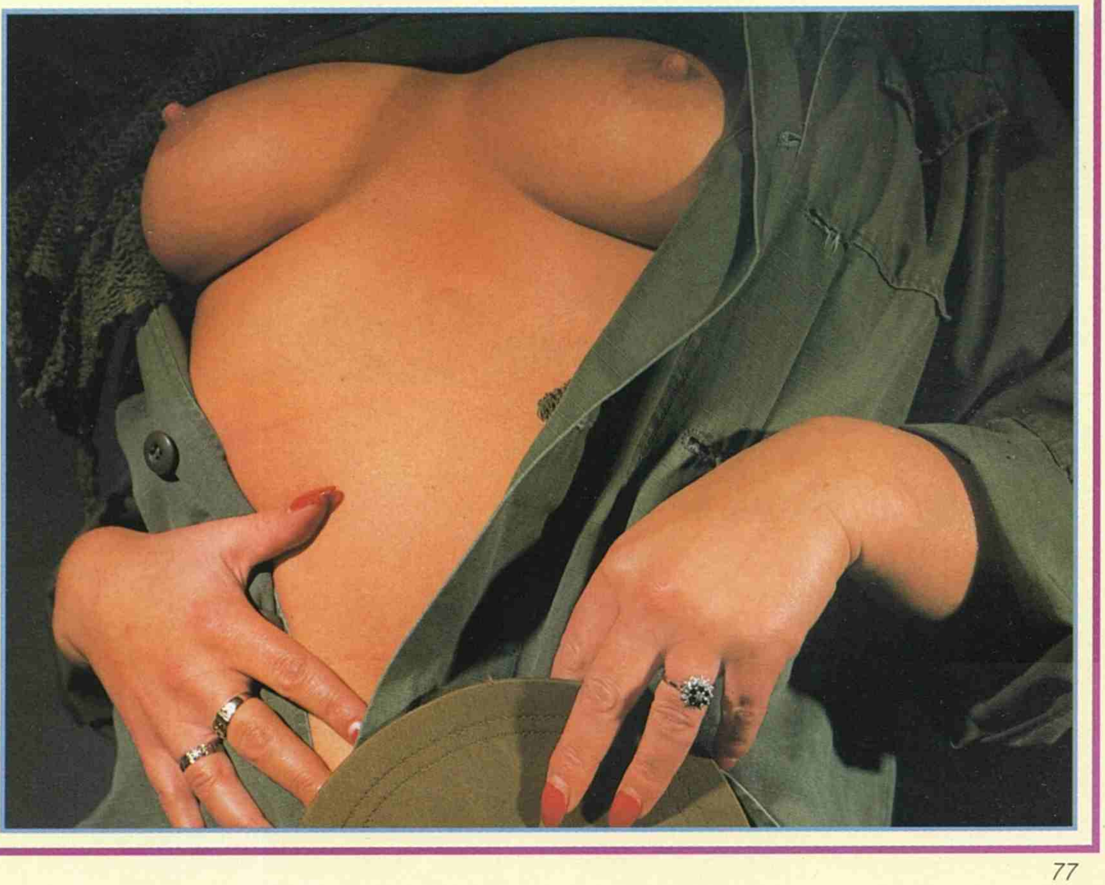
"What a fuckin' size!" one gasped. The beer was actually forgotten as they squabbled with each other for the privilege of squeezing them, eventually working out a pecking order. I couldn't believe I was really sitting there as one by one they moved up to me to feel my breasts. I was excited, and it was all I could do not to moan aloud. Ken was smarter than the others. He caught this mood of mine perfectly. "I want you to get your pants off so I can see the rest of your body," he said.

He had a gentle authority about him, even though his whole attitude was coarse. I liked the combination and in a few minutes, I found myself complying with his wishes. I was naked in front of them. "Hairy, isn't it?" whispered one to the others. "I bet you could put all your fingers in there," said another. I was thrilled by the crudity.

Aroused

I had planned none of this, although it was all of my own doing. I wasn't the least bit threatened by them. I don't think it had entered their heads that I would actually fuck them at all, and yet, no doubt by accident, my clitoris received a good deal of attention as I allowed one after the other to feel me in that area. I was so aroused that my juices began to appear at the entrance.

They soon noticed. "Here," said one, "your fanny's getting really wet." I asked him what he was going to do about it. He looked sheepish. "All talk was it, then?" I taunted him. "Like fuckin' hell it was," he retorted. "Just press your legs back and I'll show you." With my knees pushed back almost up to my shoulders, I watched in amaze-



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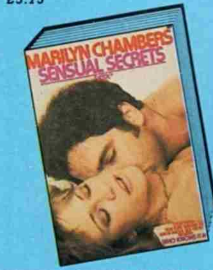

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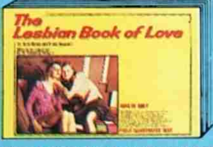

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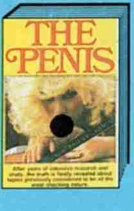

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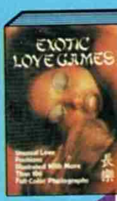

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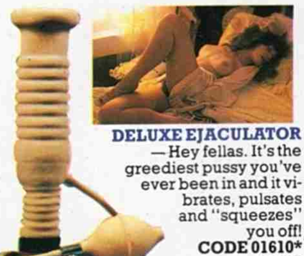

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WOMEN'S Writes

ment as he lowered his head to my groin. His quick, inexpert tonguing thrilled me through and through.

"Did you push it right in?" the others asked him. "What's it taste like, Ben?" Ben just told them to find out for themselves. That's what I wanted, too. Two of them did, very tentatively. "Come on, Doug," said Ben, "it's your turn." I looked at him expectantly. He almost flopped between my legs and entered me very easily. During his few minutes of rigid pumping, I strained to close my vagina on him in order to feel him more. I was becoming so horny, I didn't recognize myself.

The third, whose name was Colin, came forward to take his turn. "I like it better from the back," he said, so I turned over on to my knees. On all fours, I felt him slip home and begin his rapid thrusting, and in such a position, I found it easier to squeeze my vaginal muscles round his cock. "That's some going, Col," Ben urged his friend, "You're making her tits swing a lot."

When I'd had all Colin could give me, I looked round to see the one person who hadn't had me yet – the leader, Ken. "She'll love your cock," said Doug with a grin. Sure enough, Ken unzipped himself and took out a very large, semi-erect cock. On his slim frame, it looked even larger. I stared at it hungrily. I could not wait for him to start on me.

Satisfaction

He wanted me to stay where I was, because he also liked it from the rear. His cock filled me as well as my husband's; a little better, if truth be told. After a few minutes of his very vigorous and skilful shafting, I unexpectedly orgasmed. "She's come all over your cock," said Doug, who'd been watching very closely.

I was red hot by then, and just could not get enough. My first move was to grab for the nearest lad and take his cock deep into my mouth, aware as I did so at the amazed exclamations of his friends. From then on, I took active charge of the proceedings, encouraging their pricks and fingers and tongues to give me the satisfaction I found I was craving for. They responded well and, by the time our session was over, I had tasted all their spunks and orgasmed three more times myself.

Afterwards, I dressed hurriedly and left. I cannot explain what came over me. I have never fancied anybody else besides my husband before, and certainly not a group consisting of four people. This is my confession, although curiously I am not as ashamed of it as I thought I would be. Since that time, my life has gone back to normal.

Claire, Wales

Heather takes part in a rather wet encounter with an admirer of her impressive "fur coat" . . .

I am dark-haired and my mother is Spanish, so maybe that's why I have a lot of body hair, including a slight moustache. My pubic hair is especially luxuriant – not only black and very thick, but long, too. My actual growth continues for a good two inches down my inner thighs, and the hair – rather than being the traditional short and curly – is long, wavy and silky – very like my head hair, in fact.

I have to shave my pubic hair before I can go swimming, or to the beach, because it is embarrassing, even in a pair of shorts. And my life is a constant battle against my underarm hair, which blunts razors and defies cream hair removers.

It gives me a sexual problem, too. I'd like to keep it short and neat, but what man wants to put his hand up a girl's skirt, or down her knickers, and encounter a handful of bristles? The hairs, even when freshly-shaved, are still sharp enough to ladder my tights and snag my nylon panties.

But, just recently, I learned my freaky pubes might possibly be an asset, not a problem.

I am a member of a ladies' hockey team. Don't laugh – all that wearing of shorts in public means yet more shaving! We were due to play an away match against a team in the Midlands, and had filled a coach with us, our reserves and our supporters.

After the match, we had a few drinks and set off for home at about seven o'clock. Before long, several of us – myself included – were dying for a pee and asked the driver to stop. The men were supposed to go to the right, the women to the left, but somehow our drunken group got mixed up.

Embarrassed

I made for a tree and squatted down behind it, opened my legs and my bladder, and let loose a lovely, steaming stream, accompanied by a groan of relief. Then I heard a similar groan and almost got hit by a stream of pee from the other side of the tree, where a guy I didn't know was relieving himself.

I yelled: "Hey, that nearly hit me! Aim the other way, can't you?" and got an embarrassed: "Oh, sorry," in reply. As both of us were in mid-stream, neither of us could do much about it.

He finished before me and I heard him zipping up his fly. I was still squatting, just squirting out the last few drops, when he popped his head round the tree trunk and I saw how young and attractive he was – and also that his eyes were wide with surprise.

"What a bush!" he said, with an admiring whistle.

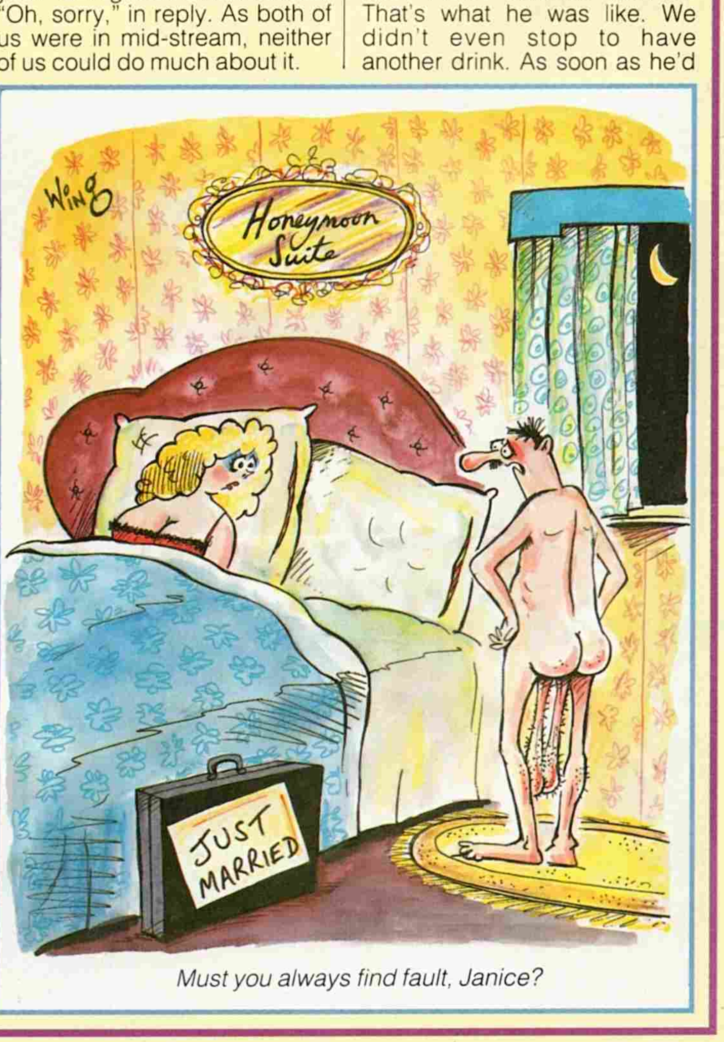
I pulled my pants up and glared at him.

"Don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm not a peeping Tom – just a peeing one! I just wanted to see who I'd aimed at – I didn't want to embarrass you. But, seriously, that was lovely. I wouldn't mind seeing it again."

I felt a wicked twinge in my minge. He was gorgeous – and an interesting lump was growing in his jeans. But I knew we had to get back on the coach . . .

He didn't appear to be with any particular girl, and when we got back, he came up to me and asked what I was doing for the rest of the evening. As I'd been able to think of nothing all journey except his enticing bulge and his fascination with my pubes, I immediately accepted an invitation for a drink at his place.

He turned out to be the brother of the boyfriend of one of the girls in the team. Just occasionally, I look at a guy and *POW!* Instant turn-on. That's what he was like. We didn't even stop to have another drink. As soon as he'd



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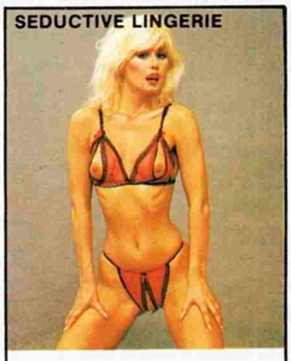

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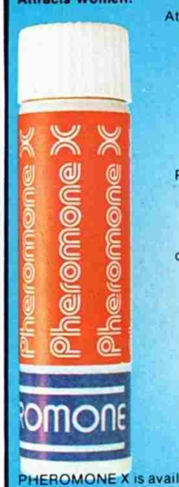

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WOMEN'S Writes

got through the door, he begged me to let him have another look at what he'd glimpsed behind the tree.

I obliged, my hands trembling with sexual excitement as I stepped out of my panties and, rather shyly, pulled up my skirt. He gazed open-mouthed. "That's the best view I've ever seen," he said. "That's what I really call pubes. Come here . . ."

He pulled a comb out of his pocket and began to run it through my silky hair. He gently teased out a strand to its full length.

"It looked incredible with all that piss dripping off it," he told me. "I don't suppose you feel ready for another one?"

I told him that if he gave me a beer or two, I might be, so he went to the fridge and produced some cans of ice-cold lager. I drank them as quickly as I could, though I was dying to get on with fucking. Soon, I felt my bladder getting full, and he told me where the loo was.

I sat down on the loo seat and opened my legs wide, to give him a full view. He said he'd never seen a woman peeing before, and he was fascinated.

"Not all at once; don't waste it," he said. I was feeling terribly horny and it was hard to pee in that condition, anyway, as the whole of my cunt was so swollen up, restricting the entrance of my urethra. My piss came out in tight, little jets, more like a man's, and he put his hand down between my legs and made me squirt on to his fingers. He caught a pool of my golden liquid in the palm of his hand, then let it go, rubbing his hand over my fanny and finding my clit.

Wildly Excited

Can you imagine how fantastic it is to be touched up while you're having a pee? You can really go wild and abandon yourself to whatever you're feeling. I found myself squirming around, crunching my clitty against his hand, yet still allowing my piss to dribble out, while trying to conserve some. I was wildly excited. My hole was really open and gaping, wet with a mixture of pee and musky lubricating juice.

"Oh God, I want to fuck you!" he groaned.

"Why don't you?" I said, reaching between my own legs to press my little love-button a bit. I was ready to come in an instant. I knew I'd have orgasm after orgasm, but I wanted to experience it while I was still peeing.

The next thing I knew, he was pulling out this huge tool, and I mean *huge*. The end was pink and glistening with a bead of spunk on it, just oozing out of the slit. He bent over the lavatory bowl and hauled my legs up so my bum was still on the seat, but my feet round his waist. There was a slapping, squelching sound as his big prick entered my sopping vagina.

I tightened my muscles and sucked him in, then forced out a few more drops of hot piss which dribbled over his erect prick. He closed his eyes and moaned with pleasure, then we started fucking in earnest, his dick slapping in and out of me, thrusting to the hilt while his hands clutched my buttocks and my legs were clenched around him, my hands gripping the plastic loo seat so I wouldn't slide off.

I gave myself up to our wonderful screwing. His balls and cock were drenched in piss as I relaxed totally. I never realized my bladder held so much. I still had my white blouse and bra on, but from the waist down I was a total contrast to this neatness – drenched in pee and fanny juice.

He started grunting and gasping and I guessed he was about to come. Three fast, hard strokes and I felt his climax explode inside me, drenching the walls of my vagina with his hot, spurting semen. I had been holding my own orgasm back, but now I felt a shuddering and spasming starting up inside my womb. My legs jerked and twitched, my head thrashed and I screamed out in the most stupendous orgasm I'd ever had. As I came, I let my whole body go and a final stream of pee squirted out almost vertically into the air as I was lying backwards, drenching his stomach and mine and running in rivulets down his prick and balls, to drip off the long strands of my pubes.

Soapy Shampoo

We finished off in the shower, soaping each other's bodies. He lingered over my pubes, giving them a soapy shampoo, then jammed me up against the tiled wall and shot his re-erect prick into me again. My orgasm this time was short and sharp, my bum slapping on the tiles, but he took longer to come a second time, and finally had to turn me round and enter me from behind, where the sight of that dark curtain parting to admit his prick was enough to get him spunking into me.

I now have a permanent admirer of my crowning (?) glory, and we've also mixed sex with pissing on several occasions. But nothing has beaten that glorious first time yet.

Heather, Lincoln ♣

BED, BOOK AN

There's a weird party going on in our reviewer's bedroom this month – intoxicated poets, sensitive Russians, Dixie flappers, movie legends, even the odd visitor from the dark side – what a rave-up! But our JIMMY DOYLE is an affable character with time to spare for anyone, even though CATHY tends to get impatient when she's conscious . . .

So, for the sake of argument, let us say it was a fairly warm evening here in the dark wisdom chamber, and on a rising curve to await the arrival of Cathy. Now, hard-working girls like Cathy need their rest and recreation as often as their exercise. In that sense, then, it came as no particular surprise to me to see her put in a breathless appearance around 9 pm, brandishing a body that even Karl Marx could have made Kapital out of, if fate hadn't separated them by so many decades. Such a lot of tongue in that first kiss of ours, too. You'd have thought we were licking stamps together. We missed each other badly. It was plain to see.

Love Letters

Cathy prefers something in the region of six-to-eight hours' sleep after frenzied sorry-can't-wait-till-you've-read-these-books type of fucking, and basically I'm the same if I haven't got a column to write. But I had, thus it fell on me alone, the task of reducing this pile of culture; and bringing, as Cathy's almost-lover might have put it, opium to the people. As it happens, I had already begun with the life story of a strange lady, **Violet Trefusis**, who managed to outrage her contemporaries back in the 1920s by making her affection for Vita Sackville-West pretty difficult not to notice. Society, such as it is, takes a dim view of lesbianism, when it isn't too busy pretending it doesn't exist.

Violet, it seems, was an inveterate scribbler (poetry, love letters, manuscripts, you name it), also flirtatious and easily intoxicated by sunshine. This is her on Vita, after a long absence; both in their late teens: "No one told me that Vita had turned into a beauty. She was tall and graceful. The profound, hereditary Sackville eyes were as pools for which the morning mist had lifted." Naturally, Violet would turn pale whenever her friend entered a room. A bizarre quartet they made – two lesbians, one married to a homosexual and the other to a man to whom the other woman was confiding heavy detail of their affair. All of them were rich eccentrics in a dilettante dream-world, where it was considered the height of bad taste to display your lover's photograph in place of your husband's. It's even stranger to absorb the fact that Violet eventually grew into a prim Edwardian grande dame, "an absolute miracle of snobbery", too.

Her novels, we are told, come straight from her address book, and back-to-back with the biography, arrives firm proof of this in **Broderie Anglaise**, the ill-concealed, hetero-sexual cover-version of her sapphic blitzkreig squeezed into a plot that's as brief as the act of clearing your throat. Into a frigid and irrational estate, insulated by unearned income and emotions as hollow as 12th century armour, floats this poor, rejected waif like an orchid petal severed from its stalk. She wants to have it out with the other parties, which she does. While reading it, I sympathised with the customs officer who, during a routine Trefusis luggage-frisk, found Camembert in her lingerie and pâté de fois gras in her hats.

The high watermark of Mikhail Bulgakov's career as a writer, which includes **Black Snow** and **The White Guard** (both published in Flamingo), was reached with **The Master and Margarita**, completed two years before his death in 1940. Bulgakov wrote for *Pravda*, but his work, tainted with a spirit of anarchy and surrealism, was just asking to be suppressed, and it was. Such a political climate worked like a pumice stone on his sensibilities, and he begged Stalin to be allowed to leave the country. Out of the question, said Joe. Thus, **The Master and Margarita** is a tale of imaginative revenge, a final and inspired rout of all oppressive and bureaucratic forces where the Devil arrives in Moscow with an entourage of demons, a naked girl and a tall cat that walks on its hind legs and pays for its own bus fares. It has to be a comedy. Why else would all the asylums be filling up so quickly?

Every Orifice

"What have you got there?" asked a drowsy voice on my left. Perhaps I was turning the pages too loudly.

I gave her a swift synopsis of this giant, hallucinatory pantomime of corruption and State thuggery deftly twisted into high-speed farce, not forgetting that love travels on a broomstick here, smashing the windows of evil men, and a Black Arts performance at the Moscow Variety Theatre which throws in real mind-reading, magic currency, nudity and decapitation all for the price of a ticket. Rarely drawing breath, I felt as if I'd consumed a bottle of tequila.

"Sounds diabolical," murmured Cathy.

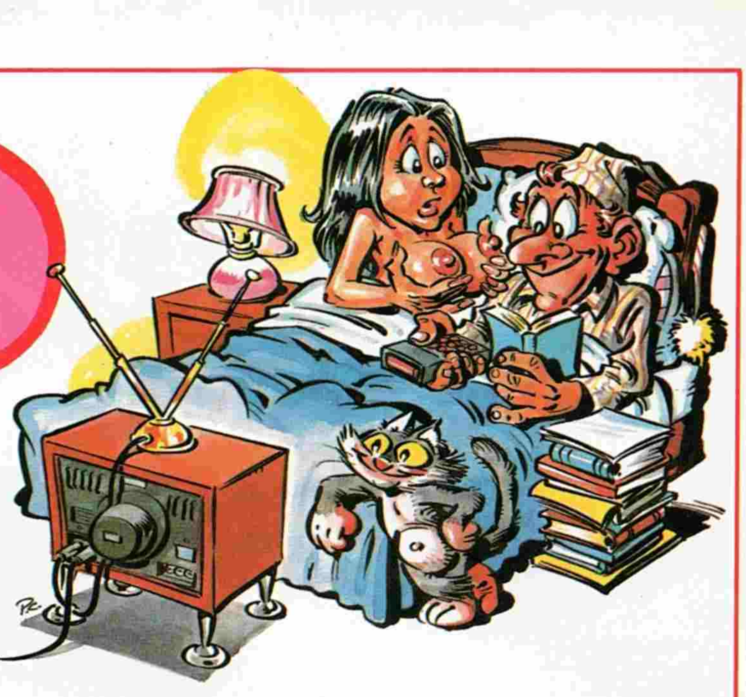
"It is."

It was hard to pass on, but in my business you have to. In that spirit, I took on a slim tome by a Middle-Eastern scholar in the process of adding cult fiction to his list of achievements. **The Limits Of Vision** is one of them, with **The Arabian Nightmare** (in Viking) to follow. It's about the pathological effect housewifery has on a woman who finds dirt in every orifice of her body, and learns how to assault the void with rubber gloves and a tea-towel. Honey on scones unnerves her, but leave some burnt risotto at the bottom of a saucepan and she's as happy as a capon out of season. I didn't wake Cathy for this one. It seemed a shame not to keep the apartment the way it was.

Meanwhile, people are fascinated by drunks. Alternatively, drunks are fascinating. In actual fact, some are, some aren't. **The Last Days Of Dylan Thomas** could pull you both ways at once. In 1953, Thomas had all but given up writing. Fat fees in advance for projects agreed upon but hardly touched, were quaffed in liquid form, and trips to America consisted largely of a delirium tremens slide-show sprinkled with quickie sex invitations from the ballad-struck young ladies over there or, as Caitlan, his disgruntled wife called them, "the thieves of my

*Kathleen Turner gets some topless marital advice on how to handle handsome heroes in **Jewel Of The Nile***

VIDEO



love". Like Jonah Jarvis in his own *Under Milk Wood*, the poet had "come to a bad end, very enjoyable". But in hotel rooms, he was also seeing outsize cockroaches *with teeth*, so maybe not.

Gittins plays this whole episode for maximum velocity on the melodrama, drawing it out for longer than it actually took Thomas to die. It's speculative, shallow, emotionally manipulative, "last gasp" biographical apocrypha based on hazy recollections and the names of bars. You could get more penetration from licking an ashtray.

Lives of intelligent people aren't always desecrated like this. Witness **The Road To Tara**, for instance, the unsentimental history of Margaret Mitchell who wrote *Gone With The Wind* which, next to the Bible, is still the world's best seller. Herself a diminutive and ribald Southern flapper with a 19-inch waist, she loved playing the vamp and yet the notion of sex petrified her. This might be a little hard to grasp for those who still see Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara as the ultimate couple. From 1936 to 1948, when she threw herself in the path of an oncoming car driven by a drunk, her telephone never stopped ringing for autographs or optimistic sequel data.

Cathy, my own sleeping beauty, sat upright for the final numbers prior to Movieland, first of which was **Raquel**. Even now, a lot of men dream about this woman on the understanding that, physically speaking, she represents everything they desire: long wavy hair, vulnerable eyes, classic bone structure in face and body, large bust, firm sculptured legs and very often photographed in nothing more than a bathing-suit – but never less. Ms. Welch knew right from the start that her "acting career" depended upon withholding what others hurled away like a front-door key.

Total Beauty

Like Fonda, she's in league with shape, fighting off what plainer folks grinningly call "the inevitable" with her Total Beauty & Fitness Program, via a method known as Hatha Yoga, which I ain't going to explain because I'd get a headache. There are snatches of the former life, hubby's album snaps of her, plus bicep-gripping advice from a woman who found writing as amazing as acting, and managed to land on her feet each time just on the eve of a deadline. Cathy was mildly curious about the Half Tortoise and the Full Locust, but of course she'd forgotten to bring her leotard.

Lisa Sliwa looks even fitter than Raquel, and it's all a question of **Attitude**, subtitled "Commonsense defence for women". This lady is national director of the Guardian Angels, "a bunch of people who ride the subways and walk the streets to make sure things are safe for decent people", and she's married to the leader. Her job is to turn girls who know how to make themselves into perfect sexual packages into women who can handle physical confrontations, however nasty they get. Read it and you'll find out exactly how vulnerable a man is.

"How do you handle unwelcome advances?"

"I have a stare," said Cathy. "It's a very cold stare. People who receive it tell me they feel like a fridge door that's just opened so I can take out a pint of milk and go on my way."

Fully convinced of Cathy's ocular damage powers, I slipped in **Jewel Of The Nile**, a pastry-light follow-up to *Romancing The Stone*, starring the same love-and-hate duo, Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner, in pursuit of further fabulous ornaments. Frankly, it isn't a patch on the original, but that's still saying something. She's perfected the art of falling off buildings and trains, and he's learned to live without a yacht. Fair enough. Cathy and me, we giggled; we bit our nails and snacked quite nicely off the slender excitement.

In much the same lazy vein, **Oxford Blues**, in which a gigolo-smooth Vegas car parking student wins a trip to that famous English university (where they take their rowing very seriously) on account of an ideal girl he's clocked on a magazine cover studies there, cast a pleasant post-coital halo around the middle of our next afternoon. It's good, character-building stuff where the cocky hero shifts from a wonderful night with his dreamboat to maybe a lasting relationship with his rowing cox, plus a pinch of mild culture clash from across the Atlantic. Ninety-three minutes of harmlessness – with oars.

I'd told Cathy in advance of my review copy of **A Room With A View** which, aside from my hard and soft company, happened to be the main reason why she dropped round. Adapted from E.M. Forster's novel by the Merchant and Ivory team, it's probably the least menacing example of his lifelong obsession with sexual repression. Lucy Honeychurch and her female companion (played beautifully prissy by Maggie Smith) find the English temperament is no match for Italian sensuality. Music and life will mingle, after all. As the Reverend Beebe remarks to Lucy's monocled iceberg of a fiance: "Does it not strike you as odd that she should play Beethoven with such passion and live so quietly?" Yes, it does, and something has to give. Corsets only hold up for so long.

It got my bed partner in the grip of a few moist reminiscences, for which I was naturally grateful. It appears that Cathy kept herself in check until she was 21 years old. A Latin hot-blood got past the bathing-suit finally against a moonlit Mediterranean coastline, howling like a werewolf when he came inside her, and she was seemingly not unmoved herself. A late developer. I can't promise that **A Room With A View** will have the same effect, but you could take a crack at it if you like. It won't spoil it either way.

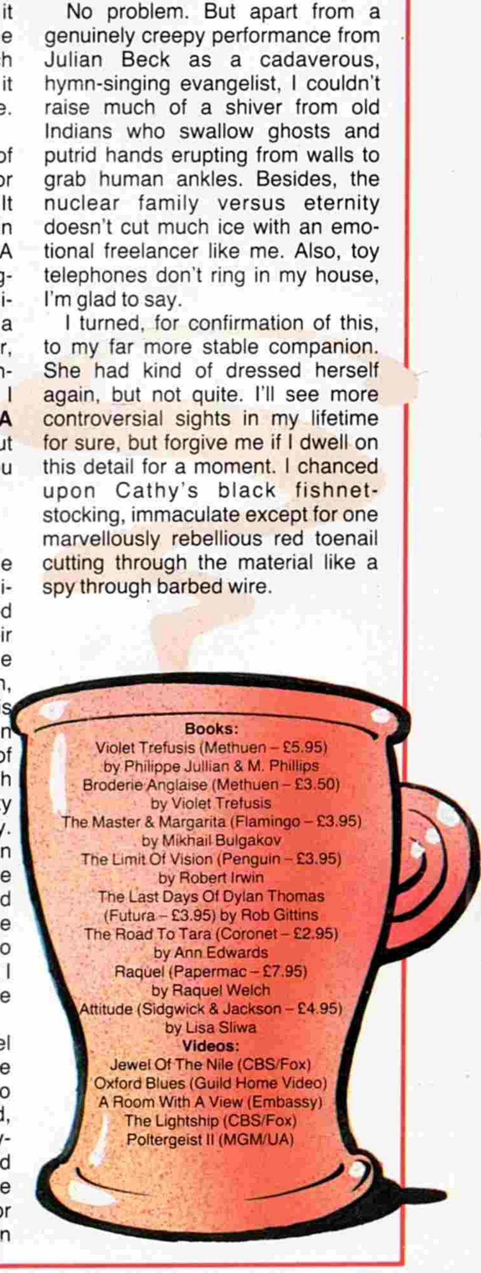
Weird Relish

As for **The Lightship**, this is the sort of off-beat plot that Jerzy Skolimowski and Roman Polanski used to cook up with weird relish in their early Polish days together. The captain of a ship that, by definition, must not move, gropes to give his mutinous offspring some direction with three killers aboard. It's sort of *Key Largo* claustrophobia with cowardice, rotten pasts and cruelty of the insect-wing-pulling variety. Robert Duval is the dapper villain with the diamond cane and a nice line in pure dialogue menace, and the son's so pretty that the sleaze sidekick doesn't know whether to kiss him or kill him. Cathy and I never moved while it ran, or if she did, I didn't register the fact.

However, we had a few sequel problems with **Poltergeist II**, like the co-producers and writers who had quite a job, as they admitted, "to make the story work for everyone, so that the original cast would want to come back." Too right. The eldest daughter couldn't make it for a start, on account of she's been murdered in real life, yes, real life. Therefore the four remaining members of that traumatised Freeling unit finally agreed to ward off more special effects in the grandmother's home, while drifting semi-hippyishly into downward mobility.

No problem. But apart from a genuinely creepy performance from Julian Beck as a cadaverous, hymn-singing evangelist, I couldn't raise much of a shiver from old Indians who swallow ghosts and putrid hands erupting from walls to grab human ankles. Besides, the nuclear family versus eternity doesn't cut much ice with an emotional freelancer like me. Also, toy telephones don't ring in my house, I'm glad to say.

I turned, for confirmation of this, to my far more stable companion. She had kind of dressed herself again, but not quite. I'll see more controversial sights in my lifetime for sure, but forgive me if I dwell on this detail for a moment. I chanced upon Cathy's black fishnet-stocking, immaculate except for one marvellously rebellious red toenail cutting through the material like a spy through barbed wire.



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by Philippe Jullian & M. Phillips
Broderie Anglaise (Methuen – £3.50)
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The Master & Margarita (Flamingo – £3.95)
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(Futura – £3.95) by Rob Gittins
The Road To Tara (Coronet – £2.95)
by Ann Edwards
Raquel (Papermac – £7.95)
by Raquel Welch
Attitude (Sidgwick & Jackson – £4.95)
by Lisa Sliwa
Videos:
Jewel Of The Nile (CBS/Fox)
Oxford Blues (Guild Home Video)
A Room With A View (Embassy)
The Lightship (CBS/Fox)
Poltergeist II (MGM/UA)

club Chance

Would be a fine thing

Photographs by Serge Jacques

At first, Jennifer thought her boyfriend was joking when he suggested she should send us some pictures of her, with a view to her appearing in *Club Chance*.

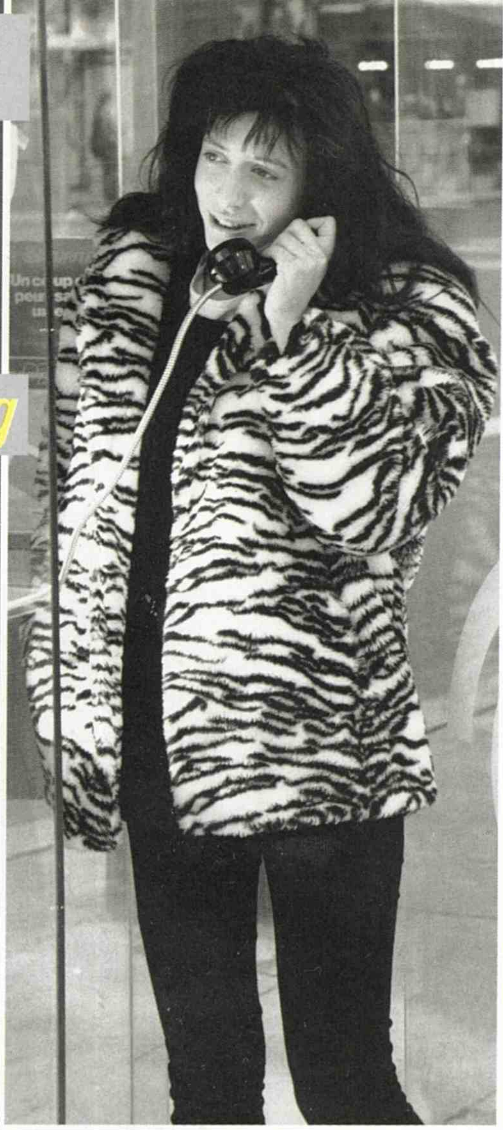
Well, the pictures you're about to look at (or maybe you already have done – maybe you attend to the important things first!) are testimony to the fact that Michel's suggestion was no joke, even if what you see makes you break out into a contented grin.

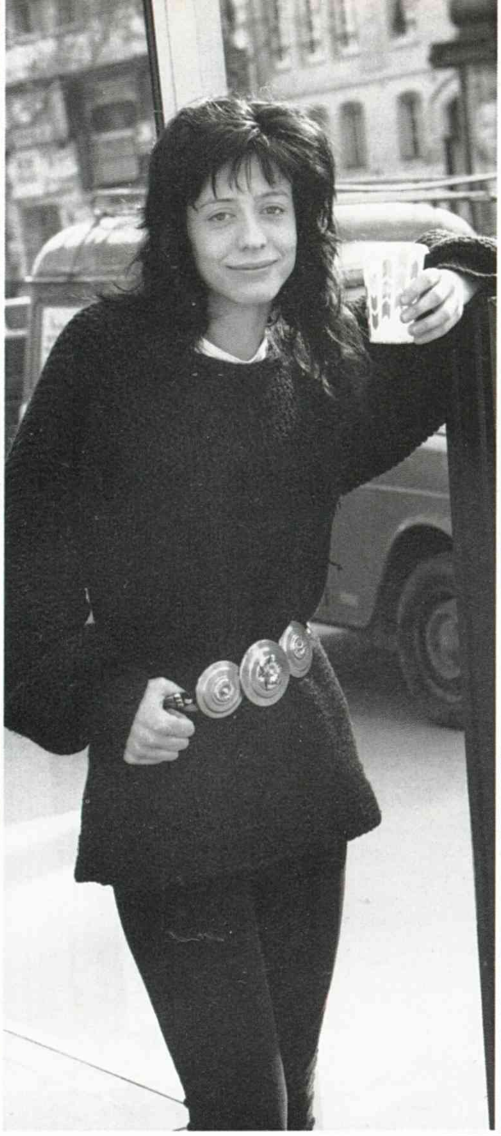
For a first-timer, Jennifer's piccies are remarkably composed, which made us wonder if the tall (five feet 11 from head to toe) student from Marseilles has maybe had the opportunity to practise the art of posing for the camera.

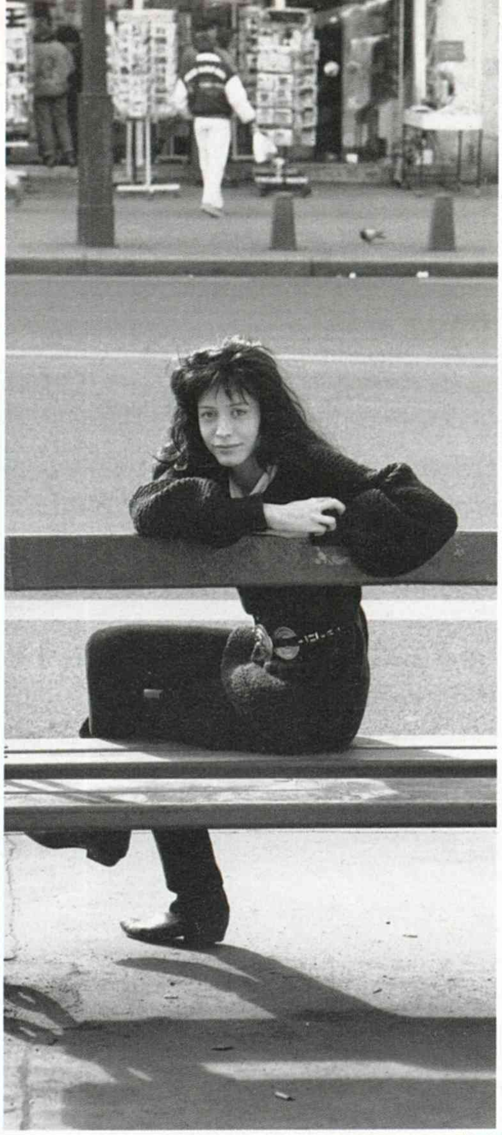
"I suppose you could say I have – in a small way," said 23-year-old Jennifer, speaking in perfect English. "Michel and I have a very liberated love life, and part of our enjoyment comes from taking interesting photographs of each other. I have to confess to enjoying posing for pictures more than taking them, mainly because it is so sexy to watch Michel become aroused as I pose for his camera. You see, it's part of the deal that both photographer and model must be totally nude during the session. Well, when I say *totally* nude, I am allowed to wear stockings, suspenders . . . and other sexy items.

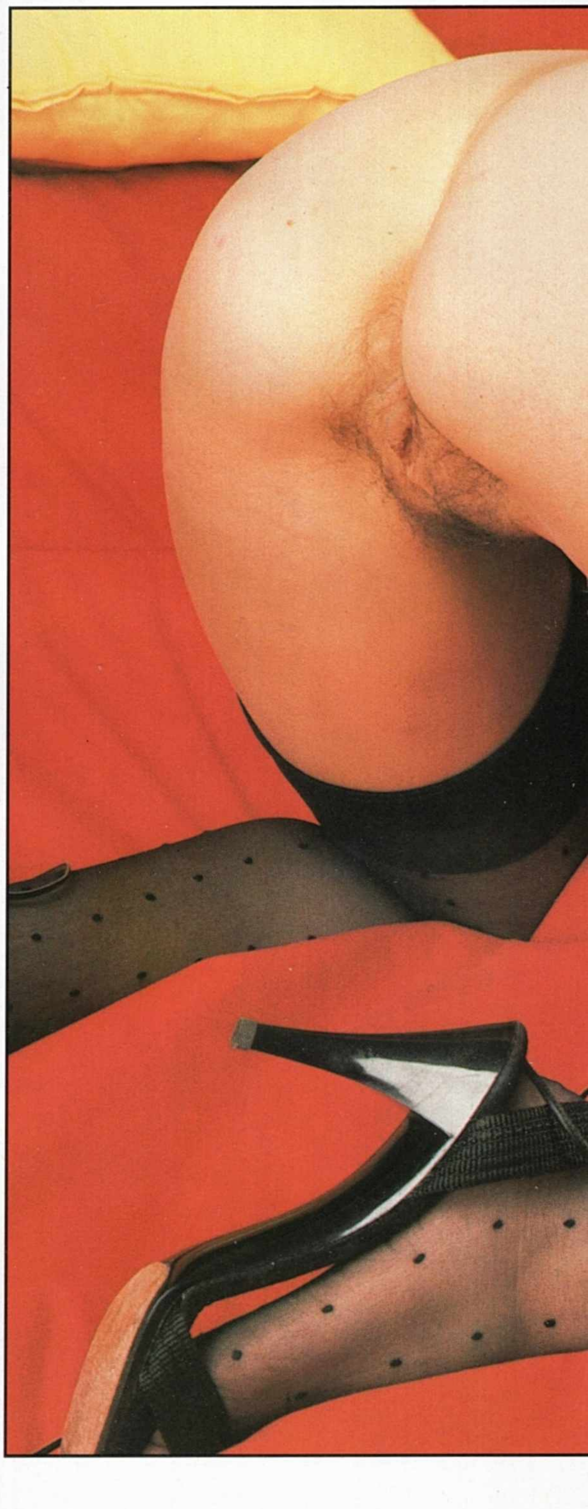
"It's very reassuring to watch his erection grow as I try to pose as erotically as possible. Sometimes he finds it difficult to concentrate on what he is doing, causing the pictures to be out of focus. I'm sure *your* photographer will not allow this to happen to him, however."

Too right, *ma cherie*; old SJ always did have an iron self-discipline . . .









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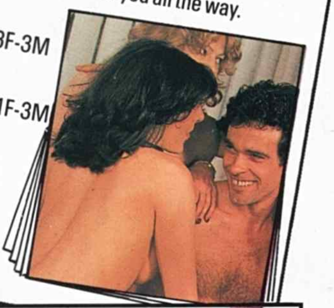

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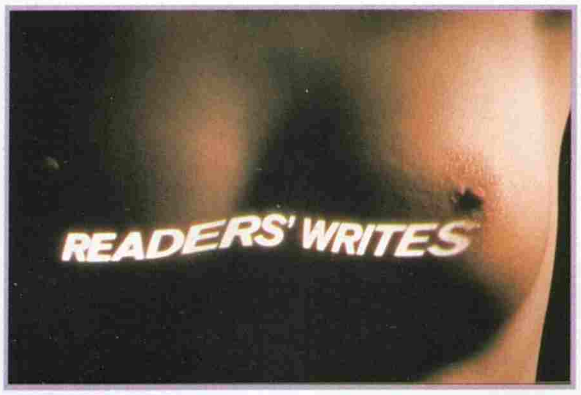


continued from page 7

In the end, I succumbed to the expert teasings of the French girl. And it was like the eruption of Mount Etna all over again. As I yelled out I was about to come, she withdrew her mouth and frantically finished me off by hand. The tall blonde got in on the act by leaning over me so she caught some of the flying spunk in her face. It was a wonderfully erotic experience.

So, if you're looking for the Joan Bakewell-type, steer clear of fashion models. But if you like stylish young ladies with an appetite for cock, they're unbeatable. Finally, can I ask you not to print my name – I think I could very easily be identified by a process of elimination!

Name and address withheld

Belt Up

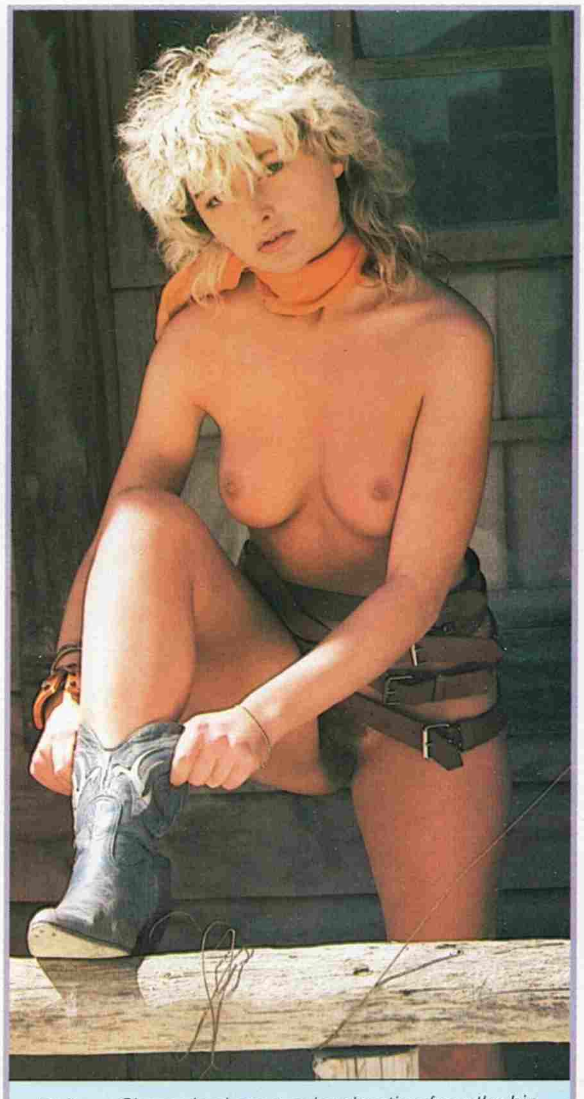
One of my very favourite models in the business is Sheree, so you can imagine how delighted I was to see her back in action in Vol 16 No 5.

The Wild West get-up was most tittilating, and I was especially taken with that belt with the multiple straps: as far as I'm concerned, that spells multiple orgasms – for me, that is!

The setting is right out of fantasy land. You can only wonder what it must be like to stumble across such a place, seemingly deserted, and find Sheree there, totally naked except for that kinky belt and her very fetching little cowboy boots. Just as you're adjusting your eyes to make sure you're not imagining things, she disappears. This is the cue for the most erotic game of hide-and-seek ever played, with the most desirable prize – a fuck with Sheree.

Of course, there are no prizes for guessing the outcome of my fantasy. You wouldn't *believe* the things I do with that belt!

Graeme, Dumfries



Belt up: *Sheree had one reader shooting from the hip*

Young Glovers

When I was on a business trip to Germany recently, I visited the Eros Centre, which is a state-run brothel in Hamburg.

The type of sex on offer there is so restricted, most blokes would be better advised staying in their hotel rooms and having a bloody good wank. Not only are you not allowed to touch the girls as you fuck them, you also have to wear a rubber (which is fair enough these days, I suppose). But even if all you want is a hand job, the girl has to wear rubber surgical gloves.

This would probably be a colossal turn-off for most guys, but I confess to having acutely enjoyed being wanked off in rubber gloves: the sensation of the lubricated latex against my cock was just fantastic, and I was coming all over my whore's tits within a couple of minutes.

Inspired by the experience, I determined to take matters a stage further. When I returned home, I asked my girlfriend – as discreetly as I possibly could, without giving the game away – if she had any gloves for us to "play" with. Warming to the idea, she produced a pair of buttoned, black satin, elbow-length numbers that used to belong to her grandmother. Sitting there at her dressing table, wearing just the gloves and a tiny pair of black silk panties, my girlfriend looked sexier than I'd ever seen her before. I stood naked beside her, and we watched ourselves in the mirror as she jerked me off into her mouth.

While my girlfriend's satin gloves felt sublimely sensual, they paled (almost) into insignificance compared to the skin-tight black leather gloves she bought the following day, especially for sex.

And the feel of the cool, supple leather on my sensitive knob was so acutely erotic, my girlfriend only had to caress me for a minute or two to have me climaxing violently all over the dressing table mirror.

However, what I'm looking forward to most of all is being wanked off by my girlfriend wearing white lace gloves. She's just bought a pair at an antiques market, and she's saving them for a "Saturday night special". And special it most certainly will be, too.

Duncan, London SE5

Secret Lovers

A lot of men say – in the columns of your letters pages and elsewhere – they only like blondes, or girls with big tits, or girls with glamour-model figures. Personally speaking, I've always made a point of avoiding classically attractive women. I can't stand competition at the best of times – and, in any case, beautiful women tend to be vain, as well as unscrupulous gold-diggers, and I loathe the hooker mentality.

This isn't to say I haven't had my share of attractive women, mind, because I have. But none of them have had the incredible inner beauty of the current lady in my life. At 38, she's neither young, nor, with two kids, independent. My son's in the same class as her elder daughter at school, and that's how we met. If I didn't know her husband was an absolute wally, I would never have pursued her. The fact that we're both married, both work and therefore hardly have any time to be with one another, only serves to make our relationship even more exciting.

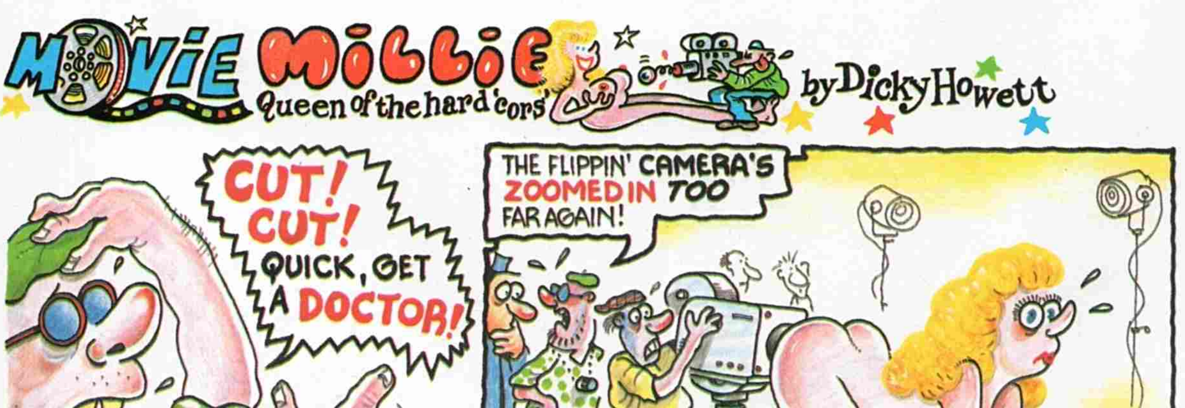
We live only a few streets apart, so we have to be pretty careful when it comes to meeting up. I was so desperate to have sex with this gorgeous woman, I rented a room in the town centre for six weeks. We'd pre-arrange "shopping trips". Likewise, we'd synchronize dog-walking and jogging, just so we could be together for an hour or two. During working hours we'd meet up during lunch.

I know your readers don't want to read about romance, but the point I'm trying to get across is that girls don't have to look like Marilyn Monroe in order to be sexually appealing. The way my secret lover sucks me off is just amazing – and she always swallows.

And the fact she's "been around", far from being a turn-off, means she's able to put all her experience my way: I'm older than she is, but she's taught me kinky little sex tricks I never even knew existed.

Obviously, our relationship is deeper than "just sex", and it remains to be seen whether or not we go as far as divorcing our respective partners. Right now, we're happy just to go on having fun.

Name and address withheld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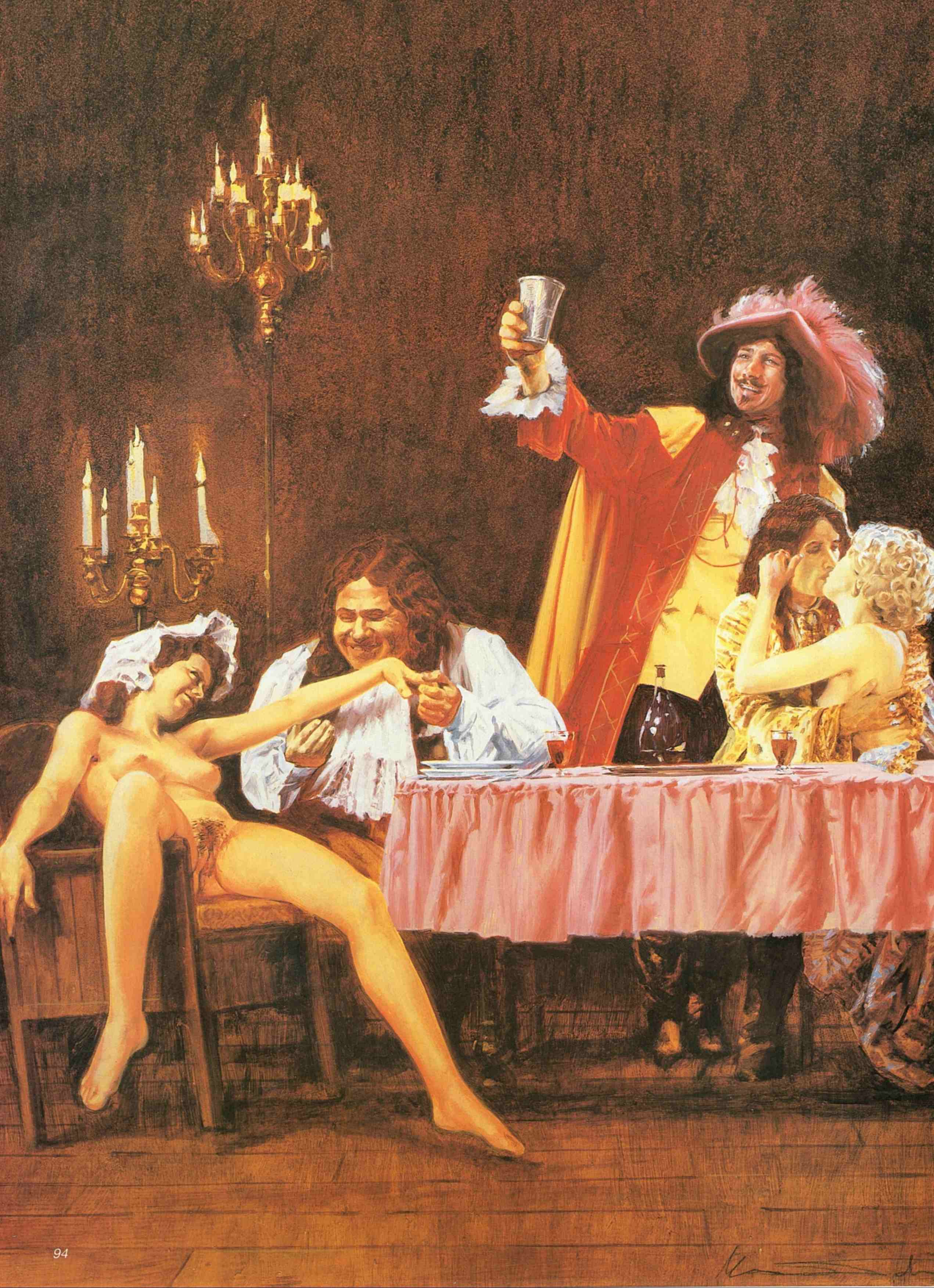
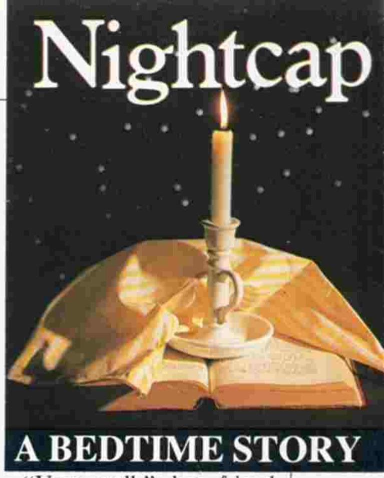
DICKY HOWETT
59





TOO MANY COOKS WILL SPOIL THE BROTH

If you think all that was good about Nell Gwynn was her oranges, think again. Her mouth could keep four men boiling for 20 minutes, and never spill a drop. An erotic history lesson by David Graves.

I do like to have a girl suck my cock. Put like that, I suppose it sounds just a little bit crude. What I mean is that I do like it when a girl practices fellatio on me. And there is more to it than just sucking away, although if pressed, I must admit that I would be prepared to put up with it. A real expert does not just suck: she will vary the intensity and speed, will switch from sucking to licking or kissing the tool, then run her tongue round the tip with just the right degree of pressure. Yes, a real expert will make you wonder why you ever bother with old-fashioned screwing.

Not that the art of cocksucking is new. Far from it. Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, was an oral enthusiast, as was Nell Gwynn, and long before them the records show Cleopatra used it as her party piece. One thing they all probably had in common, then, was a strong penchant for sucking cocks. It was not just a case of: "Oh, all right, if you insist," they actually enjoyed it. Lots of girls do, of course. I once had a girlfriend who enjoyed it so much that she could have an orgasm herself just from sucking me – I did not need to touch her at all. All that was required of me was that I had an orgasm. Under the circumstances, I felt duty bound to oblige her.

Nell Gwynn was famous for it (sucking cocks, that is) which may explain why Charles II took such a liking to her. There is another thing she was famous for. Did you know that Nell Gwynn originated the saying "Too many cooks will spoil the broth"? Of course, over the last three hundred-odd years, the actual words have changed slightly, but the meaning is unmistakably the same.

It all happened like this. Quite apart from his long-suffering wife and Nell Gwynn, Charles II had a whole string of mistresses. Early on in the relationship between Nell and the king she was competing with a certain Lady Mary Summers for the royal favours. Interestingly enough, although they were rivals for such a rich prize, the two girls were also quite good friends.

When neither of the girls was due for a royal shafting, they would often meet for dinner at Nell's house. Dinner was followed by an orgy, which explains why the gatherings were always at Nell's house. Apparently, Lady Mary's husband, while turning a blind eye to his wife's relationship with the king, took exception to just any old cock going up his wife.

The dinners, which usually took place about once a week, were usually attended by four men from their extensive circle of friends. The four were chosen because they could be relied upon to be discreet about the orgies which followed the meal. Both girls found the atmosphere, and the opportunity to watch and be watched in their couplings, so stimulating that one man apiece was not enough.

Dinner was always served on the massive oak table, some 12 feet long, which occupied the centre of the dining room. Throughout the meal, the excitement rose steadily as the conversation became more bawdy and as everyone's thoughts turned to the two couches at the side of the room, on which such sexual exploits would soon be enacted. The only servants present were the butler and the footman, both strong, handsome men who were devoted to Nell.

One evening the conversation turned to the subject of oral sex, which both girls enjoyed so much. Nell, who had served a long apprenticeship in the art of fellatio, began boasting of her ability to bring a man to the verge of an orgasm, then leave him hovering on the brink while she continued to lick, to massage and to suck for perhaps 15 minutes. It was an art taught her by her kindly old man when she was a teenager. He had wanted to protect her purity, he said, by leaving her virginity intact. She was very fond of him, so she did not like to tell him that he was a bit late, since she was already having it away with half the young men in the village, and a good few of the older ones as well.

Over the years, Nell had continued to perfect the art, which gave her such a sense of power over a man. As a special bonus she found that if the exercise was sufficiently prolonged, the man's excitement was so intense that as his orgasm exploded into her mouth, it triggered off an especially intense answering climax in herself.

That famous evening Nell was feeling extremely randy.

"Mary," she said, "I want all four men at once."

"All at once!" exclaimed her friend. "But how can you? Even you have only three holes for them to fill."

"Yes, but this time I shall only use my mouth." Eagerly Nell explained her plan. She boasted that she could bring all four of the men to orgasms which were so much under her control, that she could work on them all at once with such timing that "not a drop of come would be spilt." She would swallow each offering in turn and go on to the next.

The men were enthusiastic. Lady Mary was dubious. Never one to refuse a sexual challenge, Nell told the two servants to clear the table at once. The four courtiers were to strip and stand – one at each end of the table and one at each side. Nell was soon as naked as the men, and ready to slide from one to the next when the contest began.

Lady Mary began to feel less confident that her friend would fail.

"Leave the tablecloth on," she demanded, "otherwise you will be able to slide along the table too easily."

Nell hesitated. The tablecloth was new. An expensive, richly embroidered present from the King. But a challenge was a challenge. She agreed, even though the cloth would considerably slow her movements.

The contest began. Nell took the first cock lovingly in hand, then ran her tongue delicately round the swollen knob, savouring the salty tang. She was already wet with excitement between her nether lips. The men were also in a high state of excitement, and Nell realized that she would need all her skill and timing to be able to swallow each tribute in turn, without spilling a drop. The danger was that one or other of the men, for all their experience, would be overcome by the excitement of the moment and surrender to a premature ejaculation.

To make matters worse, the tablecloth was considerably impeding Nell's movements about the table as she darted back and forth. A suck here, a lick there, she kept the men simmering away, for all the world like one of those jugglers you see on television who keep umpteen plates spinning at once.

To help her, Nell instructed the owners of the four cocks which projected out over the dinner table to hold the cloth steady and in place. Her reward came soon enough, as did each man in turn. And sure enough, each spermatic tribute was offered up into the willing mouth of the supreme exponent of the art of fellatio. Not a drop was lost.

Nell sat back on her haunches and looked at Lady Mary with a triumphant smile on her lips. Not to be outdone, Lady Mary demanded the right to try her hand, or rather her mouth, at this game.

Fearful that she might be defeated, Nell objected that it would be much easier for her friend, since the men's initial ardour had been quenched.

"Very well," her friend replied, "then let the challenge be six men this time. Let your two servants here join in."

"Six!" exclaimed Nell, remembering how difficult it had been to time four to perfection. "Six is too many. They will be coming all over my lovely new tablecloth, and how will I explain that to the King? You know how badly spunk stains things."

"Don't be a spoilsport," pleaded her friend, supported by the enthusiastic gentry round the table as their cocks began to stir again already at the prospect. The servants said nothing. They knew their place. But the projections formed by their cocks in the front of their trousers spoke eloquently enough for them.

Reluctantly Nell agreed. The two servants stripped with great speed and took up their places, one on each side of the table. Their excitement was intense, since never before had they been allowed to take part in one of the orgies. Lady Mary, soon naked, took up her place on the table and began to move from one man to another, taking each into her mouth in turn.

Poor Lady Mary. She was not equal to the task. To be honest, the contest was not fairly organized. Admittedly the four who had only recently spurted into Nell's mouth would take longer to come a second time, but the two servants were fresh into the fray, and each was at boiling point right from the start.

It only took about two minutes for the footman to give a great roar and begin to shudder as his orgasm began. Lady Mary had sensed that his time was near and was making for him at speed when the first spurt of his juices hit her in the face. She quickly engulfed him in her eager mouth and sucked him dry, but the contest was already lost as the come juice dripped from Mary's face on to the cloth. To make matters worse, all this was too much for the butler, whose orgasm erupted spontaneously in a great, ragged trail across the table cloth.

It was then, with an angry stamp of her foot, that Nell Gwynn delivered herself of the immortal line:

"I did warn you," she said, "that too many cocks will soil the cloth." ♣

Illustrated by Max Schindler

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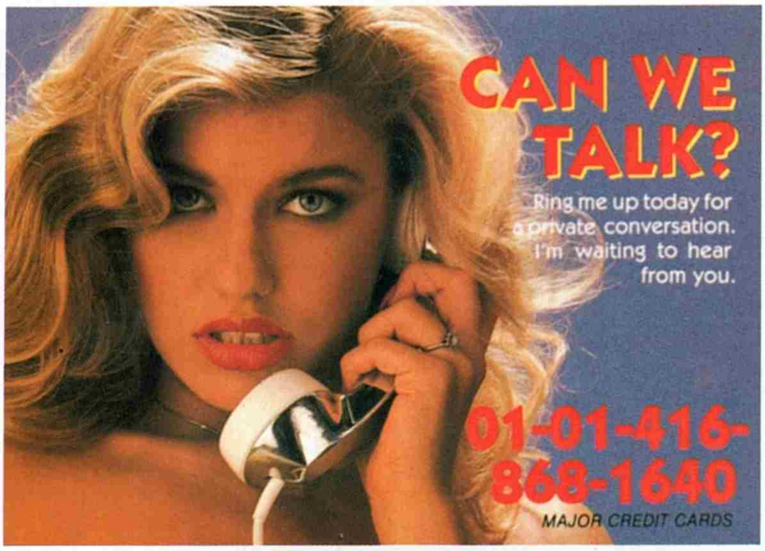
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Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank – Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments – and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it – cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent – and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the oceanfront in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington (that's where we spend the whole summer – loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing). One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii – Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages – and – without touching any of my other investments – walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate – and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank – for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do – for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you – like me – can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. £10 to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got £10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back... or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:

He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours... In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for... "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches.'

Boston Herald-American:

The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it...

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:

An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntingdon Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Money Making Opportunities:

Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about?... I just finished it – and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

Is the material "worth" £10? No – if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your cheque or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days – and I'll send back your cheque or postal order – uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, postdate your cheque for a month from today – *plus 2 additional weeks*. That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what your thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is – and this is very important – the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money... working a few hours a day... about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that – nothing more, nothing less – the results will be hard to believe. Remember – I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again – I guarantee it.

I know you're sceptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their cheques for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

'Thanks to your method I'm a half millionaire'

"Thanks to your method I grossed about $500,000. Would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G.C., Toronto, Canada.

'$24,000 in 45 days'

"...received $24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days.

"Thanks again."

Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

'Made enough to retire at 41'

"If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't have believed it... A few years ago, I had nothing to lose. I was unemployed and broke."

"Now, thanks to you and the 'Lazy Man's' program, I have made enough money (at age 41) to retire in style.

R.A., Huntingdon Beach, Calif.

'There's no stopping me'

"Since I've got your (Lazy Man's Way to Riches) in July, I've started 4 companies... there's no stopping me and I'm so high I need chains to keep me on the ground."

M.T., Portland, OR

'Wow, it does work!'

"Oddly enough, I purchased Lazy Man's Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it... and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either... I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."

Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

'Made $70,000'

"A $70,000 thanks to you for writing The Lazy Man's Way to Riches. That's how much I've made...

"I use this extra income for all of the good things in life, exotic vacations, classic automobiles, etc. Soon I hope to make enough to quit my regular job and devote full time to making money the easy way..."

Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

'$260,000 in eleven months'

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life... One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership... I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

'Steadily upward ever since'

"I ordered Lazy Man's Way to Riches in June... by September, my career was launched and has gone steadily upward ever since."

Mrs. B.A., Walnut Creek, CA

'$7,000 in five days'

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M.D., Topeka, Kansas

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question. How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older – or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon to my publisher now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

Some have called it a Miracle. Some have called it Magic. You'll call it "The Secret of the Ages."

As for me, I thank God that before he died Millionaire Joe Karbo left, for all to share, the secret of "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches." The above story, which is in his own words, is his gift to you.

Sworn Statement:

"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant. I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."

Stuart A. Cogan

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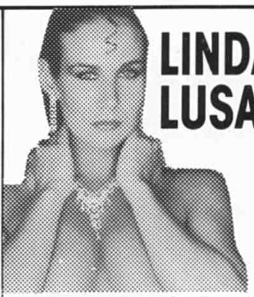

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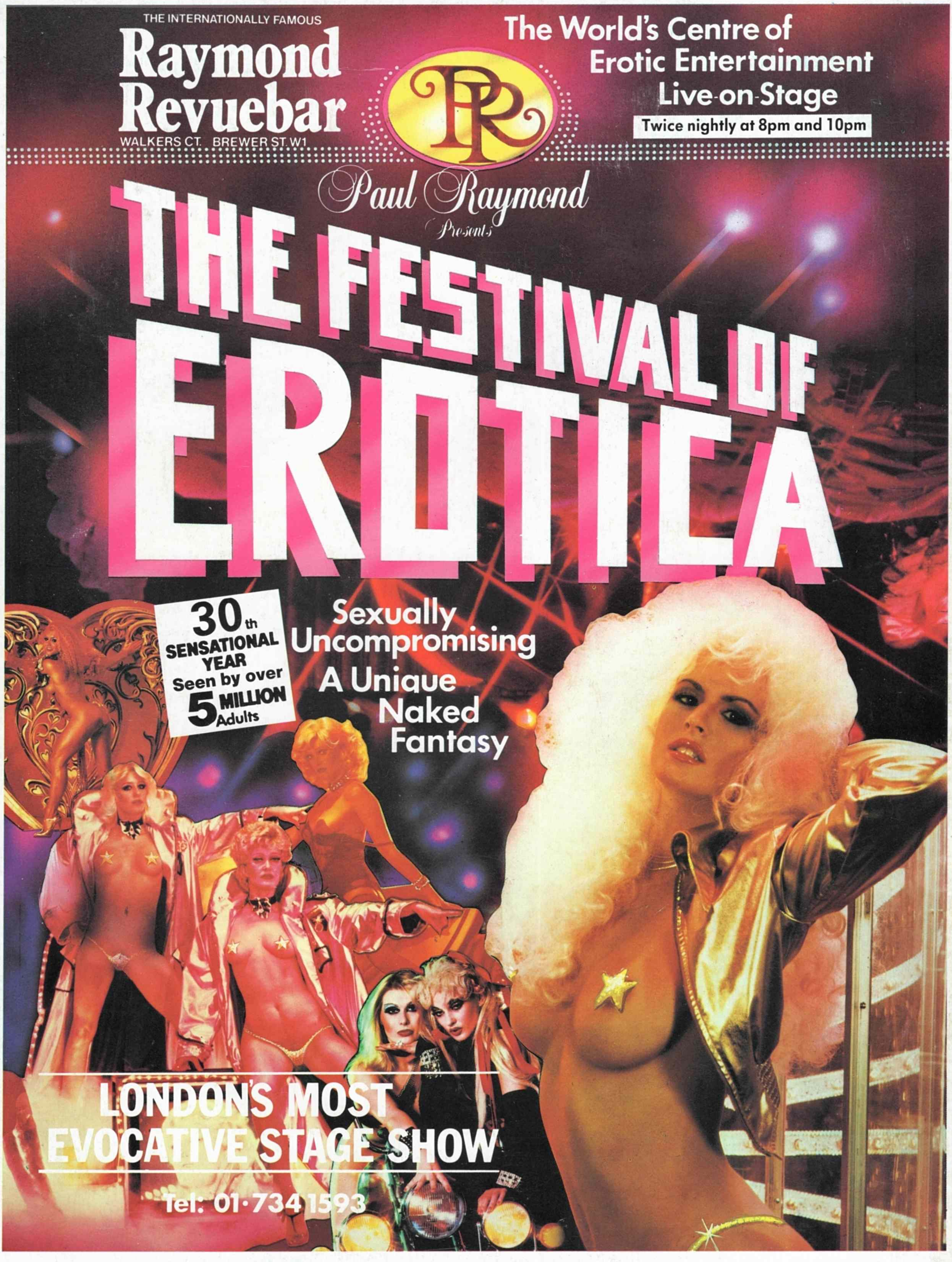

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